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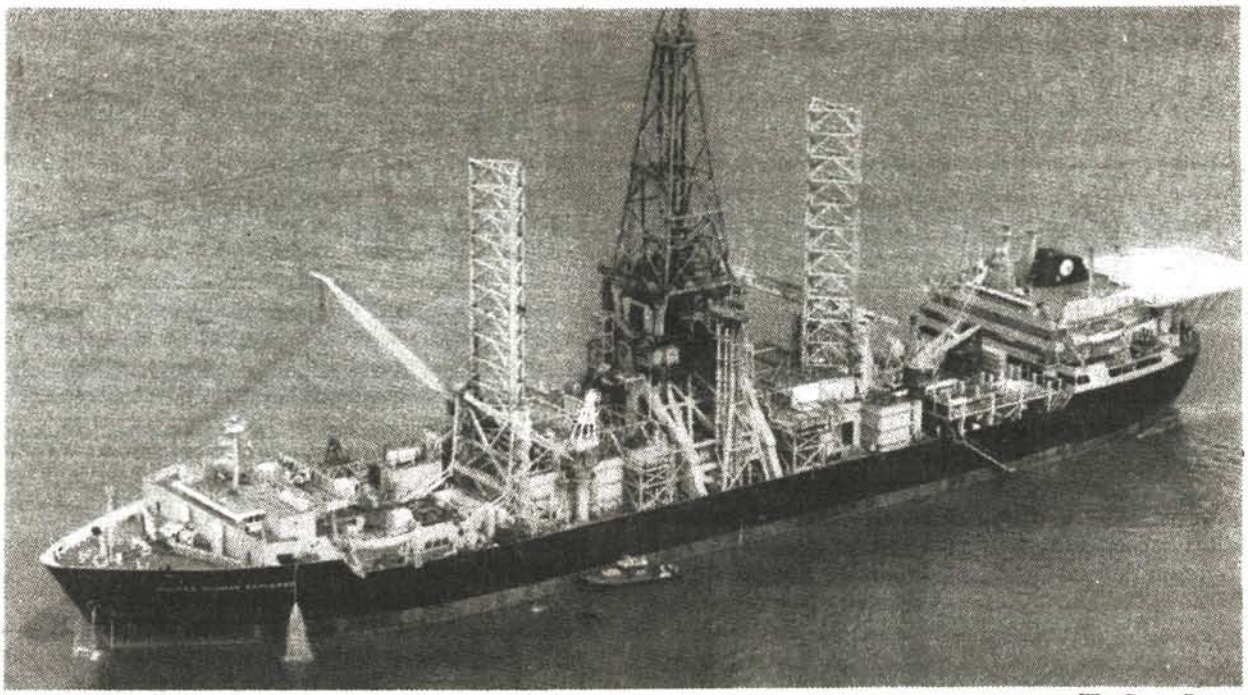

War/Peace Report

BEHIND THE *GLOMAR* SUB HUNT

WHAT HUGHES WAS REALLY AFTER IN THE LAWLESS SEA

BARRY NEWMAN

How To Plan in a Mixed Economy *SHEARER and WEBB*

Brazil: The Amazon Gamble *VIC COX*

Weisband & Franck / 'Resignation in Protest'

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LETTERS

ahead of schedule

Portland, Ore.

"The Promise of the Coming Dark Age" by L.S. Stavrianos [*The Nation*, Sept. 13] is brilliant and challenging, even if not necessarily as reassuring as the writer intends. Here indeed is highly nutritious food for thought in the best tradition of *The Nation*. Congratulations and thanks.

Older readers will be reminded . . . of the two most impressive efforts of our century to offer a cyclical theory of history: the uncannily prophetic and poetic *Decline of the West* by Oswald Spengler and the monumental and erudite *A Study of History* by Arnold J. Toynbee—the last four volumes of which I was privileged to review in *The Nation* of Nov. 6, 1954.

Spengler postulates a sequence in every civilization: pre-cultural, early culture, late culture, "civilization," corresponding to spring, summer, autumn, winter, or childhood, youth, maturity, senescence. Toynbee ridicules Spengler's organismic analogy, but his own scheme is similar: challenge-and-response, growth, fruition and self-fulfillment, and breakdown, marked by a "Schism in the Soul," a sense of sin, and a sense of drift. Those who would deny the validity, at least in part, of the applicability of such patterns to our Western or "Faustian" culture are ignoring the course of events.

I suspect that the dynamics of this process will ultimately be best explained in terms of the ambivalent character of the human psyche and the human intellect. Souls are latently schizophrenic. When urbanization, industrialization, specialization, bureaucratization proceed beyond tolerable limits to alienation and anomie, neuroses and psychoses multiply and feed upon themselves. Brains devise scientific and technological miracles which souls use, in the end, for destruction and self-destruction. But elaboration of this thesis must wait for another time and place.

Meanwhile, I think Stavrianos—and *The Nation*, as usual—are on the right track and ahead of schedule. *Frederick L. Schuman*

thanks from prison

In your issue of August 16 you were so kind to print a letter [a prisoner writes] I wrote out of my need to meet new people and hopefully make friends. My effort was not wasted, and your understanding and consideration has put some sunshine into my life.

I have received answers from people all over the states and most of them were from very interesting people. Therefore, I would like to thank the editor and also take time out to thank those who answered my plea for moral support.

If I could find the words to express my feelings I would feel much better about writing this letter, but all I can say, and mean it, is thank you a lot.

I'm smiling.

David S. Ward, No. 137-960
P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648

Hiss-Chambers

Northampton, Mass.

I noticed that some lines from an article I wrote several years ago were given prominence in your editorial, "Will Nixon Exonerate Hiss?" [*The Nation*, Sept. 20]. I think it only fair to caution your readers that, contrary to the impression of friends who read the article, I differ from your general analysis of Mr. Nixon's role in the case in a number of important respects. My own research on this subject can be found in an article of mine which will appear in the November issue of *Esquire*. The article is drawn from my book, *Alger and Whittaker: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, which will be published next year by Knopf.

You quote me on the subject of "penitential liberalism," a subject which I discussed as part of a general article on the cold war's cultural impact. It would appear from your use of this article that I was severely condemning the individuals mentioned—Fiedler, Hook, Schapiro, Schlesinger, Trilling, et al.—but nothing could be further from the point of my earlier article, which tried to *categorize* (not *stigmatize*) the division among intellectuals over the

(*Continued on page 340*)

EDITORIALS

Eyes on Spain

Earlier indications that the Falange might have been loosening its authoritarian grip on the Spanish people were belied last week when the 82-year-old Franco bared his ruthlessness by executing five Basque nationalists his regime had charged with police killings. To the Ford administration, the executions were but "an internal matter," an assessment contradicted by the widespread, intense appeals for clemency—and later the protests—in Europe from the Vatican to Norway. The proportions of these external expressions of outrage have largely been underplayed by the dominant American press.

In the international community, the United States Government surely stands implicated in the executions. Alone among the world's mixed-economy nations, the United States has been a military bastion of the Franco regime, maintaining bases there since 1953—and paying for them with at least $2.2 billion in military aid and another $1.8 billion designated as economic assistance. The fact that current negotiations over renewal of the bases pact have proceeded despite the executions reveals a Kissinger-Ford willingness to support the dictator's regime regardless of its brutal cast, and in doing so to reaffirm aid policies that give it sustenance. That American-backed Spanish tyranny is "an internal matter" for Madrid, and no concern of Washington, is a carefully nurtured illusion that has now been destroyed.

Doing just that was the task last June of a Washington conference—"Spain: Implications for United States Foreign Policy"—organized by the Fund for New Priorities in America. A transcript of the meeting has just been published and is available from the Fund, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. Sponsors included fifteen Senators and twenty-five Representatives. Among the participants were several experts on Spanish-American relations: Robert Colodny of the University of Pittsburgh, Gabriel Jackson of the University of California at La Jolla, Kenneth Maxwell of the University of Kansas, Stanley Payne of the University of Wisconsin and William Watson of M.I.T., whose paper on the subject, included in the conference publication, should become an essential reference for anyone interested in the details and context of U.S.-Spain relations over the last twenty years. Supplementing the contribution by Watson and others with invaluable knowledge gained at firsthand was Col. Edward King, U.S. Army, Ret., a staff officer of the American Embassy in Madrid (1961-66) and of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (1966-69).

Several conclusions emerge from the conference report:

—While American aid to Spain since 1953 has not been the sole determinant of the Franco regime's longevity, it has been a decisive one. "The primary result of U.S. military aid," wrote Watson, "has been the complete rearming of the Spanish military." U.S. economic aid, he reported, "played an indispensable role, if not in preventing, at least in postponing the moment when the complete financial collapse of the Spanish state would be imminent."

—The air and submarine bases this country maintains

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in Spain are of specious military value. They are controlled by the Spanish—the American flag has yet to fly over any of them, reports *The Christian Science Monitor*—and can be used only with Spanish approval. That approval was denied during the Yom Kippur Middle East war. The bases' original justification assumed the continuing use of the B-47, a strategic bomber that was withdrawn in the 1960s. "The military relationship we have now is not going to serve the purpose of the U.S. foreign policy if we continue with the base renewal," King explained. The submarine base at Rota, he said, "is an easily targeted area. The plans are to move the subs out and use tenders in the event of war anyway . . . and there is no intention to keep the base usable for subs in wartime."

—"It is a political problem that has to be confronted," Maxwell said, corroborating a finding by the California Democratic Council that the "only real threat" to Spanish security "is the Spanish people themselves." While America maintains no combat troops in Spain, its presence at the bases undoubtedly does much to prop up Franco's posture of forcefulness—as did President Ford's visit to Spain, when he rode down Madrid's Paseo Castellana in political embrace with the Generalisimo. The counterpoint of terror which the executions—and the inevitable response and further counter-response—illuminate, has made the Spanish situation politically volatile, and the American presence there an authentic security hazard.

—"The most striking fact about the military alliance with Spain is that it has never been debated in public in either the United States or Spain." Successive administrations have avoided Congressional scrutiny by negotiating Executive agreements rather than treaties, which would require Senate approval. That practice raises profound questions about the subversion of democratic policy making and strong suspicion of secret commitments made contrary to the will and welfare of the American people.

No aspect of American foreign policy is more wrong-headed and dangerous than the alliance with Spain. It is an alliance which further estranges this country from its proper allies, the social democracies of Western Europe. It is an alliance which has morally and politically compromised this country. Almost alone in the world, we stand with Spain and no *sotto voce* talk about "the cycle of oppression" can redeem our good name, now pledged to support a murderous regime. That these executions should have been carried through when they were—on the eve of a renewal of the bases agreement—is a measure of Franco's confidence in our supineness. The bases agreement is not in our national interest nor in the interests of our NATO allies, who want nothing to do with Franco. Perhaps a key to what makes Washington so stubborn about Spain is the fact, pointed out in the *Manchester Guardian*, that nearly half of Spain's top 600 industrial firms have foreign

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participation and that the principal investors are American firms. Nearly four decades ago thousands fought and died for a democratic Spain. The latest executions confirm that the urgency of their cause is today no less pressing. Twelve nations have recalled their envoys from Madrid; our own should now pack up its hardware and checkbook and follow them.

Scapegoat Theories

The two attempts on the life of the President—by women, in the same state, in a matter of weeks—have triggered an extraordinary outpouring of instant theories to explain the inexplicable: why would anyone want to assassinate the amiable, bumbling, friendly Gerald Ford?

A sampling of these theories includes the following: the upsurge of the women's liberation movement; copious reporting by the mass media, which encourages "nuts" and "kooks" to become instant celebrities by pointing a pistol at the President; Mr. Ford, while "standing tall and straight," should be more circumspect about "pressing the flesh" and should pick his audiences with greater care; there should be tighter security; the Secret Service has been remiss. Parental permissiveness, we are told, has spoiled a generation of white, middle-class youngsters from affluent backgrounds. The press has encouraged the pervasiveness of fads and created a constant "celebrity festival," which encourages a general irresponsibility of behavior. One learns also that something about the California scene produces bizarre types and generates extremist movements. Another theory has it that the phenomenon of violence is due to "the weakening of the Judeo-Christian tradition"—that hoariest of explanations for all manner of disagreeable happenings—and that Jean Paul Sartre and existentialism should be listed as prime villains. Then, too, attention is called to the prevalence of guns, to our frontier tradition and to the fact that ours is "a sick society."

There may be some truth in these and other instant theories but they also reflect a tendency to find scapegoats for realities we prefer not to acknowledge. "Pressing the flesh" can be carried too far; but so can the practice of walling off candidates, including a President who has been campaigning like mad in a bulletproof vest, largely at public expense and saying nothing of consequence. Obviously the amount of weaponry available to the seriously disturbed and violently oriented is of terrifying proportions, but gun control, however desirable, would not remove the possibility that someone would take a shot at the President. Similarly, there are more hazards than advantages in any attempt to induce the media to be more discreet in reporting attacks on the President; some of the follow-up stories, for example, are extremely significant—witness the life history of Sara Jane Moore. And while the notion that ours is "a sick society" is not without relevance it is much too broad and sweeping to be helpful in the present context.

What we do not want to face, and what instant theories and easy expedients are designed to push into the background of national awareness, are some unpleasant social realities. There is no blinking the fact that ours is a violence-prone society and that the pace of violence is accelerating. By comparison with other so-called civilized nations we have an obscenely high homicide rate. We exhibit a shocking lack of respect for the sanctity of human life. Our first reaction to almost any manifestation of violence is to insist on greater security and tighter controls, while ignoring underlying causes. In some states private security guards outnumber police. The openness of American society, for all its risks, was long our proudest boast; now it is increasingly sensed as a menace against which we must guard. Implicit in this state of affairs is a potentially grave threat to democratic values and assumptions.

The causes warrant more reflection than they have received. What does it mean that we have been living in a war-related society since the outbreak of World War II? What have been the backwash effects of the war in Vietnam? How assess the impact on political attitudes of continued widespread police surveillance, of spying on citizens, of the use of informers? How square our professed abhorrence of violence with unequal enforcement of the law and with the denial of equal opportunity? How can we continue to blink, as we do, the social implications of prison methods and conditions so barbaric that they have begun to shock the consciences of federal district court judges? Ours may not be "a sick society" in the clinical sense, but it exhibits a dangerous insensitivity to human life and human values. The gap between the traditional American ideals and what is happening in the society fosters a mood of frustration and uneasiness. "The administration," writes Dr. Philip Zimbardo of Stanford, "is underestimating the extent of alienation in society. A feeling of social community, not laws or capital punishment, keeps people behaving morally. Once people no longer feel part of society, a kind of law of the jungle sets in." The major danger is not that some particular demented person may take a shot at the President but that the fabric of a democratic society is being shredded. Democracy implies mutual respect, a sharing of expectations, a unity of historic purpose. An assassin once tried to take the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but that was before his inauguration. During the New Deal and World War II years national morale was remarkably high. That it is not high at the moment is vividly demonstrated by the reactions to the latest assassination attempts. Instant theorizing about the attacks on the President diverts public attention from the issues that should be of major concern.

The Midas Complex

By persuading Gerald Ford to endorse his $100-billion "energy independence" project, Vice President Rockefeller, suggests Joseph Lelyveld in *The New York Times*, has "managed something that few of his predecessors contemplated and none of them ever achieved." Perhaps so, but his success bodes poorly for almost everyone else. For what Rockefeller has suggested is a massive federal giveaway program, a $100-billion gift to the energy industry that offers little concrete promise for the future and might well detract resources from energy research that is badly needed. Throwing money at a problem is not always or generally the best way to solve it. Moreover, the Rockefeller proposal, with so large a sum at stake, would

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probably become a political program for redistributing the wealth—from the unfairly taxed working population to the inadequately taxed investment corporations. Even if the proposal is blocked in Congress, as seems likely, its presentation suggested that the administration suffers from a distressing paucity of creative and rational thought on energy policy.

This lack of insight is reflected in the President's attempt to compare the proposal with the Manhattan Project. The rapid success of the latter was made possible by the presence in this country of some of the best European scientific intelligence of the time—a circumstance for which we were indebted to the Nazis. It then became a matter of applying their ideas in a crash engineering program. Like the NASA program, the Manhattan Project did not require any fundamental change in the economic, industrial structures of the American economy. But the maintenance of those structures is directly involved in the energy debate and resistance to change has been the barrier blocking the transition from debate to action. With energy, moreover, new ideas are in short supply and spending large sums of money does not necessarily produce innovative ideas.

The roots of the Rockefeller proposal are not hard to locate. Jack F. Bennett, a senior vice president of Exxon, calls it "an effort to throw money at a problem," and it is just that. The Vice President was reared in a family environment in which money did indeed talk and he has spent most of his political life pursuing elusive goals by bombarding them with bankrolls—mostly the public's bankrolls. New York State is littered with Rockefeller-proposed waste, from the Albany Mall to the World Trade Center, and its economic security is now threatened by the actual and possible default of the borrowing authorities his administration as Governor brought into being. Throwing money at the energy problem will not solve it; on the contrary it may complicate matters. First we need to sort out the new ideas related to energy development, establish the priorities, and then provide the funds necessary to finance projects which the best-informed minds decide are feasible. Rockefeller's Midas complex has blinded him to the real issue.

Jim Matles

Jim Matles of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers union spent September 15 speaking to workers at a shop in Santa Barbara where the U.E. was conducting an organizing campaign. In the evening he met with members of the shop organizing committee. He then returned to his motel and, within a very few minutes, he died. At 66, he was struck down by a massive coronary thrombosis.

I can't believe he's gone, that impatient, restless, incorruptible, courageous, generous, realistic, wise, pure-spirited man—an extraordinary person who devoted himself day and night for almost half a century to improving the lot of working people. Even if he believed that death was stalking him (and from close association with him in recent years I sensed that he expected his end to come suddenly), he was, at the same time, full of plans and hopes for the future of rank-and-file industrial unionism based upon the principle of struggle—for organization, for unity, for political action, for the deepening of class consciousness.

He intended to lend his energies to that continuing struggle, but no longer as general secretary of the U.E., a post he has held since 1962, after twenty-five years as the union's director of organization. Five days before he died, at the U.E. convention in San Francisco, he stuck to a decision made some months ago and announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election as one of the three top officers in the union—all of whom, by the way, serve an organization whose constitution limits their salaries to the level of the annual income of the most skilled workers in the shops. Jim took modest, principled pride in this provision; his remarks at conventions usually included a reference to the necessity to maintain such marks of leadership integrity in the U.E., whatever other unions might do.

Matles decided to relinquish his general secretary job, I suppose, for a number of reasons, but one of them must have been his feeling that, throughout the U.E., older leaders should step aside in favor of younger men and women—step aside but remain on hand to help the younger members moving into positions of leadership. Jim Matles constantly talked about youth in the union. He liked nothing better than to be out among the young people at the plant gates, the shops, the district and local offices of the U.E. across the United States and in Canada.

He had work of this sort on his mind and had sketched it out with the union's general executive board. He would keep going as a master teacher—my words, not his—of the new rank-and-file leadership, of the organizing and professional staff of the U.E., of the membership and of those, like the workers in the Santa Barbara shop with whom he spent his last day, who might soon become members. Also he planned to write trade union educational books and pamphlets.

He had confidence that sometime or other his dreams for the American working class were bound to come true, the precise period to be determined by the manner in which a relationship between trustworthy, clear-minded leaders and a militant rank and file developed under conditions of economic pressure upon working people. He embodied, in short, the enthusiasm, the optimism, the dignity, the objectives and indeed the good humor which characterized the labor movement when the CIO was sweeping into the open shops of the auto, steel, electrical manufacturing, machine, rubber, glass, cement and other industries, when it was absorbing merchant mariners, longshoremen, transport workers and so forth until millions had achieved the freedom to form unions of their own choosing. That mood passed. The cold war waged by giant corporations upon rank-and-file industrial unionism, beginning in 1946 and 1947, took its toll, and not least upon the U.E., a major target.

But the union, and its spirit, somehow survived, eventually receiving respect and a degree of cooperation from other labor organizations that for years had been at bitter odds with the U.E. Matles had a great deal to do with maintaining the high morale. Those who wish to read the story in some detail can find it in a book I wrote with him not long ago—*Them and Us: Struggles of a Rank-and-File Union*.

I have firsthand reason to know, also, of the esteem in which Jim Matles was held by corporate executives he

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faced in class combat, and by reporters and government mediators. But I recall him most vividly as a warm, affectionate "friend and fellow worker," the phrase with which he invariably greeted me, smiling, his dark eyes flashing, when I arrived of a Saturday morning at his office to launch our weekend wrestle with composition.

Jim Matles had been born in Romania, and arrived in this country as a young machinist at the age of 19. I connected his fondness for opera with his European background and thus tolerated what seemed to me a strange form of musical relaxation. He, on his part, forgave my passion for the radio songs of Bob Dylan. "Jimmy likes that stuff, leave it on," he'd say to one of the rare visitors we had on those unforgettable weekends.

Now he's gone, at the end of a working day among workers. He went, that is to say, in a style confirming the discipline and dedication of his life. But the U.E.? The labor movement? The working class? I find it easy to believe, because Jim Matles taught me, that they are blessed with the potential of immortality. He breathed that air, rising as it does from the rank and file among whom he placed himself. Lucky man. And we were lucky to have had him, an exemplary fighter for humanity.

James Higgins

BRAZIL: THE AMAZON GAMBLE

VIC COX

When I was first in Brasilia, a decade ago, the city was capital in name only. Lucio Costa's airplane-shaped, planned city had a population of 300,000, two-thirds of whom were construction workers who did not live in the gigantic apartment complexes they were raising, but in ragged shantytowns strung around the perimeter of Brazil's hopefully christened "Gateway to the Interior." The bulk of the remaining population were government employees and politicians who escaped the central plateau for three- and four-day weekends in Rio.

"Brazilians are like crabs," shrugged one Carioca friend in explanation of the weekend exodus. "They never leave the coast." He had plenty of historical support for his simile. Although the idea of an inland capital had been imbedded in Brazilian constitutions since 1891 it wasn't until the mid-1950s that the power shovels began to nose out foundations for Brasilia. Since then the migratory momentum has grown, and by mid-1970s the crabs are definitely on the move. They are heading north and west, many through the now-bustling Gateway of 700,000 residents. Perhaps most significantly, the planned capital is attempting to direct, even sociologically to design, the new wave of government-stimulated migration.

Thousands of settlers are rolling over newly opened land arteries that have begun to web the 1.9 million-square-mile Amazon basin. This vast expanse of arid plain, chaparral and tropical rain forest occupies 60 per cent of the world's fifth largest country. Before the advent of yellow and red dirt roads, like the unfinished Transamazon or the still incomplete North Perimeter highway, the basin had roughly two inhabitants per square mile; it produced a paltry 4 per cent of the country's wealth.

In 1970 the military-dominated government decided to try to change all that—the Amazon region was to be "occupied" and "integrated" into the Brazilian economy. The way Brasilia's planners saw it, the problem was to direct people away from the confining banks of the Amazon River and into the unpopulated basin where there was room for agriculture, cattle and lumbering. Since Brazil's chronically drought-stricken northeast had a surplus population—one that was poor, potentially violent and prone to migrating south to urban slums—it was a convenient source of motivated settlers.

After spending $17 million on aerial mapping and resource identification across most of the basin, the government launched its road-building program. According to the goals of Brazil's Program of National Integration (PIN), 11,000 miles of roadways, interconnected to 5,600 miles of navigable rivers, are to be constructed during the 1970s. Some of the most important links will be asphalted, as was the 1,200-mile Belém-Brasilia highway last year.

The east-west axis of this ambitious transport network is the almost-completed Transamazon highway, which is slashing 2,500 miles through desert and jungle from the endemically poor northeast to the borders of Peru and Bolivia. Another principal artery still under construction, the North Perimeter highway, will arch across the top of Latin America's largest nation.

Two other dirt highways are important both for the channeling of immigration and for their impact on Brazil's besieged Indian tribes. B-165, connecting the Mato Grosso state capital of Cuiaba with the Amazon River port of Santarém, was finished in 1973 and is already carrying heavy traffic. Through Cuiaba's ties with Brasilia on the east and thriving Campo Grande due south, the basin is receiving new infusions of capital, entrepreneurial skills and settlers from prosperous southern Brazil. Another life line, BR-080, is now under construction from Brasilia to Manaus, capital of Amazonas state. It too will shorten distances and open markets between the country's developed and neglected regions.

However, these roads and the settlers they bring threaten the health and cultural stability of at least a score of Indian tribes. The Cuiaba-Santarém route parallels the length of the Kreen-Akarore reservation in northern Mato Grosso. East of the reservation, BR-080 sliced off a third of the fourteen-year-old Xingu National Park when engineers spliced it to BR-165. In compensation, the federal government expanded the park south, but that left the new road as the Xingu's northern boundary. A projected third

Vic Cox, a former Peace Corps volunteer in Mato Grosso (1964-66), contributes regularly to environmental, historical, scientific and travel magazines, among them Human Behavior, Westways, Mankind *and* Environment.

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oad south of the park promises to complete the encircle-
nent.

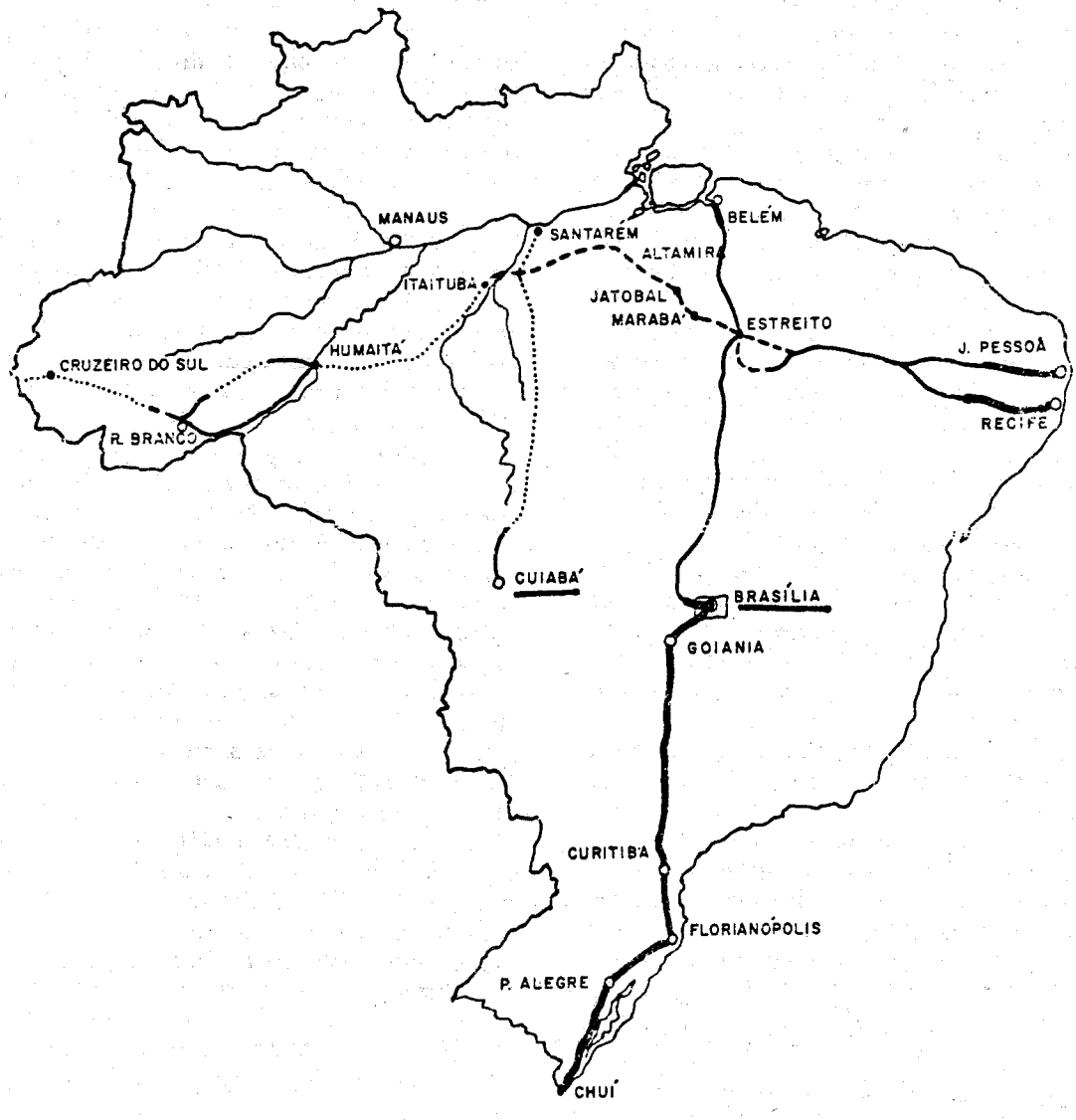
Assimilation is the Brazilian Government's name
or its policy toward indigenous populations. But in
ıractice cultural, if not physical, eradication by roadway
eems a more likely result of the policy. INCRA, the
Vational Institute of Colonization and Agrarian Reform,
ıas chosen the segment of BR-165 north of the
Xreen-Akarore reservation for planned settlement. At
›resent the institute's major effort in this area is focused
›n Itaituba some 130 miles south of Santarém, but PIN en-
'isions development along both sides of the road. Given the
›ast history, some of it not very old, of Indian resistance,
ettlers' greed and government disregard of Indian needs,
t is too optimistic to expect reservation territory to remain
nviolate.

Under the National Integration plan, official coloniza-
ion follows the highway engineer. It is hardly an innova-
ion; the technocrats running the government have
ıcknowledged the historical precedent set by centuries of
pontaneous internal migrations. The population along the
Belém-Brasilia thoroughfare, for example, has burgeoned
rom a few hundred thousand to 2.5 million since the road
vas completed in 1960. Today the majority of an estimated
60,000 new families in the Amazon basin are not govern-
ment-sponsored, but they usually came in over the new
roads and many received some form of government aid,
such as INCRA registration of their land titles.

Created five years ago to expedite orderly settlement,
INCRA's power resides in its ownership of a 60-mile-wide
strip of land on each side of all federal roads in the basin.
However, an institute spokesman in Brasilia recently told
me, "We want the settler to have his own plot of land, and
to share other land with the colony. Policy is for INCRA to
get in, do the job with its technicians, and get out."

The job is to found viable communities, all theoretically
equipped with primary school, health post, church, bank,
warehouse, agricultural assistance and a communications
center. To entice people to the forty-odd official colonies in
the basin and in the territory of Rondônia, INCRA
recruiters promised transportation to the new towns, plots
of land with houses ready, hand tools, some machinery,
seeds, medicines and six months of credit. Medical care
was to be free, and in the initial phase of road building the
men among the colonists were guaranteed work with the
construction crews.

Some of the first settlers were flown to the target areas,
and for a number of months INCRA-chartered busses left
twice a week from Brasilia, loaded to the roofs with



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Amazon settlers. Nearly 75 per cent of the colonists were from the northeast; usually the families carried all their possessions on their backs. But even with the stick of poverty and all the carrots it dangled in front of prospective recruits, INCRA fell far short of its goal. People were reluctant to venture into a disease-infested region that had 265 days of rain a year, averaged 75 per cent humidity, and was nicknamed "The Green Hell."

"We thought we could settle 100,000 people a year," the INCRA spokesman said. "Instead we did only 10,000. I'm not telling you a success story, but it takes time to settle a subcontinent. We'll need fifteen or twenty years to evaluate what has been done."

Critics, some of whom originally disparaged the project as linking "an arid desert to a humid one," haven't held their fire. According to one study made for the Ministry of the Interior, nearly 20 per cent of the sponsored settlers have left the colonies. (INCRA says it is closer to 5 per cent.) A major reason for their departure is that 86 per cent of the soil along the Transamazon is of low fertility. Once this land is cleared of cover by the traditional "slash-and-burn" technique, it can produce only one or two crops before the tropical rains leach the soil of nutrients.

Given adequate amounts of expensive fertilizer, the soil could be saved for agriculture. Given adequate resources, INCRA could have fulfilled its promises of medical and technical assistance, and maintained the vital roads. Instead, the institute's budget for the first three years totaled a mere $45 million. Schools weren't built; machinery didn't arrive. Tropical torrents erased whole roads as though they were so many chalk marks on a great green slate. Technicians, difficult to sign up in the first place and spread too thin, have decamped with the disillusioned colonists. It has been like trying to fill a bathtub with a sieve. As a result, the number of government-sponsored new colonists has dwindled to a trickle.

I had time last year to mull over these aspects of Brazil's leapfrogging development during a 600-mile bus trip from Brasilia to Cuiaba. With the exception of a few gravel stretches, the route was blacktopped, a feat almost unthinkable ten years ago when I lived in Mato Grosso. That kind of road investment had been made in industrial Sao Paulo state, or around Rio de Janeiro, but not in the far west.

For instance, the principal north-south passage connecting Mato Grosso's capital with Campo Grande, the state's largest city, was dirt then, an orange-red powder that turned to goo if you as much spit on it. A feeble effort at paving the 450 miles had begun before I arrived; two years later, in 1966, there were still about 400 miles to go. However, the last two years have seen a lot of tar cover the red dust, and the final patch is to be covered this year. Such is the accelerating pace of nation-building over roads like these that as many as eighteen private developers have been granted charters to settle areas, particularly in north Mato Grosso and Rondônia.

Rolling across the Brazilian central plateau at night you see impressive evidence of widespread rural electrification. The urban centers are still few and far between, but those that exist are bathed in the blue-green glow of mercury vapor street lights. Cresting a hill and spying such a city in the dark distance is like coming upon one of Brazil's famous aquamarine gemstones suddenly suffused with supernatural life.

In a way, the gradual replacement of kerosene wick lamps by modern lighting is a comment on how developing nations can skip rungs in climbing the ladder of technological change. The catch is in not knowing whether such a ladder, crafted by the values and experiences of other lands, will support the weight of the borrower's cultural needs. While Brazil can import foreign technology and know-how to solve immediate problems of development, the imports may contribute to other, long-term problems. The planners have opened up the resources and ecology of a "subcontinent" without having a complete understanding of what may happen in the process, much less a clear idea of what should happen.

They decided, for example, that half of the land allocated for settlement should remain under tree cover to prevent erosion. Unfortunately, there has been little systematic enforcement of that provision. Nor have the planners followed through with an ecologically sound scheme to coordinate those patches left under cover. The results negate the good intentions.

Even worse are the lands allocated to lumbering and cattle interests, including some American firms. Great swaths of forest have been destroyed to make pastures for the tough Brahman cattle, Brazil's equivalent of the Texas Longhorn. As a result, the soil has been exposed to leaching and erosion. The lumber companies, which are legally required to reforest the allotments, have failed to do so, according to on-scene observers. Like locusts, they have descended on the Amazon's timber riches with single-minded dispatch. An estimated million trees are felled in the basin every day, many of them being processed by the thirty sawmills now operating in Rondônia (in 1971 only five mills were operating in the territory).

One critic of deforestation, Prof. Marvick Kleer of the University of Riberao Preto, estimates that in the past ten years 24 per cent of the Amazon jungle has been destroyed. He says that if current trends continue the remaining jungle will disappear within thirty years.

Why aren't such warnings from Brazil's small but growing environmentalist movement heeded? Where is the enforcement of the few existing ecology protection laws? To answer that you must return to the roads, listen to the "new pioneers," observe the isolated families living under thatched roofs of long grass and palm fronds, understand that to most Brazilians development means jobs, land, food, health care; means "progress" and a better life.

Brazil is relying heavily on private enterprise, domestic and foreign, to pump infrastructure capital into the Amazon basin. Federal tax incentives allow almost anyone to divert up to 50 per cent of income tax to government-approved investments in the region. Unlike the practice in much of Latin America, Brazil allows foreign companies and individuals to own rural land, if they develop it. This boon to foreign investors provoked charges five years ago that the Transamazon, rather than benefiting Brazil, would open more advantages to outside interests, primarily the United States, which has a $4-billion stake in Brazil's economy. In any case, the presence of sizable official

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colonies is evidence of long-term government support for the region and acts as a magnet for private investment.

One other consequence is already apparent. The drive for development has generated new levels of patriotism, the chief beneficiary of which appears to be the authoritarians governing the country. Brazilians no longer joke that their nation is "the land of the future—and always will be." Car stickers in Brasilia hit a strident note with "Brazil, love it or leave it"; and a small town northeast of Cuiaba has in the center of its main street a green and gold obelisk emblazoned with "Everything for the Fatherland."

Almost like residents in a foreign enclave, many of Brazil's settlers become super patriots. Some 300 miles north of Cuiaba in Sinop, one of the newest colonies established by private companies, the 800 inhabitants recently celebrated their town's official opening with giant banners and brave boasts. "Brazil doesn't ask, doesn't wait; she orders," proclaimed one banner. Another, outside an ice-cream shop, quipped, "We're putting the pessimists on ice."

That judgment, too, is premature. So far INCRA and the private interests in the Amazon have established a beachhead, not a conquest. But it is evident that the government intends to strengthen its hold on the "occupied" lands. Last December, in an unusual show of continuity, the federal executive launched phase two of PIN by decreeing that during the next four years the government would spend about $143 million annually to develop the basin. Not only is this substantially more money than was allocated in the past, the investment strategy has also changed. Fifteen areas have been selected for expansion into centers of mineral, forest, agricultural and bovine production. They will be situated in or near INCRA's existing colonies. Indeed one, the "Abraham Lincoln Sugar Mill," went into operation between Itaituba and Altamira last year. By 1977 the sugar mill is expected to employ 3,000 people.

Faithful to the tradition of political expediency, this altered strategy is tailored to correct the most obvious failures of the preceding policy, but it avoids any of the profound problems. The ecologists and anthropologists have raised some of the crucial issues, and the censors permit them to level gentlemanly blasts at the search-and-destroy tactics employed in development's name, thus nurturing hopes for a change of direction. Even the President of the republic, in announcing PIN II, made a one-line gesture acknowledging (and minimizing) "dangers . . . to our natural resources." But perhaps the strongest possibility for altering the present exploitation formula lies in the doubts as to its wisdom that are growing among Brazil's planners and technicians.

Confesses a middle-level INCRA administrator, "I don't know why we have to be in such a hurry to populate this vast area. Our demographic rate is 2.8 per cent, so we must ask ourselves if we want to swamp the Amazon as we have the rest of the country. The government has not yet begun to think about the future and what kind of balance we want [between conservation and exploitation]. There must be some kind of population control, but I can't say this in public."

Not yet, not without risk to his job. But attitudes are slowly changing. Brazil is a dynamic country with an inventive, increasingly better-educated citizenry. A number of farsighted social educators look to the future with confidence. Among them is Joao de Vasconcellos Sobrinho, a former university rector who, at 66, is one of the few Brazilians who for nearly five decades have promoted ecological concern.

In an interview last year with the Brazilian news magazine *Veja*, Vasconcellos predicted: "The facts will finally lead the planners to the realization that any progress which contradicts ecological laws is really no progress at all." If his optimism is borne out in time, Brazil may find it has a lesson to export that is more valuable than all the riches of its natural resources. □

BEHIND THE *GLOMAR* SUB HUNT

BARRY NEWMAN

Spy stories are great fun. The irritating thing about them, though, is that they often get bogged down in dull background details. These can entail such less-than-lively economic obscurities as activity on the London Metal Exchange or Zambia's balance of payments. They break up the pace of a good yarn, and polishing them off parenthetically is the best way to maintain the pace of juicy derring-do. Dreary as they may be, however, these mundane motives of business and commerce often underlie the sneaking and peeking. They are important, and without them a good many spies might be job hunting.

The best spy story in years has been the Howard Hughes-CIA submarine-raising escapade, in which the "reclusive billionaire" (as he is ever described) teamed up with the least public of public agencies in an attempt during the summer of 1974 to lift a sunken Russian sub from the depths of the deep Pacific. When the story came tumbling into headlines last March, the world stood in awe at the incredible lengths to which the CIA was willing to go to pluck its prize from the seabed—setting up Hughes in a phony enterprise and spending hundreds of millions on a big "mining" ship that could haul up the sub under the guise of looking for some rocks on the bottom of the sea. Follow-up stories debated the value of the code machine the CIA was presumably after; others questioned the CIA's penchant for hiding behind sham corporations. There were reports connecting the exploit to a $100,000 Hughes gift to the 1972 Nixon campaign fund. Few of the writers made more than a passing reference to the vague possibility that

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the ship's mining capability was more than a "cover" or that those little black rocks on the bottom of the sea had anything to do with the voyage.

But I have a gnawing suspicion that they did—not so much as the core of some labyrinthine plot, but as one of those dreary behind-the-scenes motives that can give spies a reason for working their trade. The rocks are manganese nodules, lumps the size of potatoes that carpet the world's oceans far from land and as much as 20,000 feet beneath the water's surface. They are extremely rich in nickel, cobalt, copper and manganese, some of the minerals most important to industrial society. Much as this may glaze the eyes of spy buffs, a ship mining for those nodules would hardly serve as the kind of innocuous "cover" the CIA typically employs. Ocean mining is a volatile international issue that has become the chief obstacle to the United Nations' frustrated attempts to write a law to govern the seas. It is the center of a foreign policy debate within the U.S. Government, in some eyes it bears on questions of national security, and it is woven into a web of corporate, scientific, military and intelligence activities that are burgeoning on the bottom of the sea.

Indeed, one may ask what was "covering" what. Howard Hughes may have been a patriotic partner in espionage, but he was, and probably still is, an ocean miner as well. The bankrolling of his operation by the government may have netted some valuable intelligence, but it just happened to be also a boon for the ocean-mining business. It heightened the chances that U.S. corporations, currently caught in a legal no-man's-land, will soon be out there scooping up nodules, whether or not the U.N. ever succeeds in applying the rule of law to the lawless unclaimed seas.

Two other American companies, Kennecott Copper and Tenneco, have the technological know-how to start mining, but they haven't been able to raise the cash they need (at least $100 million each) because the absence of protective laws on the seabed has made the investment too risky for any bank to finance. This has reduced Kennecott and Tenneco to impatient thumb twiddling while their lawyers haggle at the U.N. and in Congress for some sort of foolproof sub-oceanic boundary markers. Hughes, in contrast, gave everybody the impression that he was rich enough on his own to make such legalities a matter of characteristic indifference. With his seemingly independent wealth, he was able to build the full-scale *Glomar Explorer* and poise himself at what appeared to be the verge of actual ocean mining. It looked for the last couple of years as though he were about to present the international legal world with a *fait accompli*. Boosters of ocean mining wagged this possibility before the U.N. and before Congressional committees that were considering legislation that would give U.S. nationals unilateral government guarantees for ocean-mining ventures. They were saying, in effect, that unless a favorable atmosphere for private enterprise in the deep sea were created in a hurry, the seabed and its minerals would be up for grabs, courtesy of Howard Hughes.

A typical expression of this showed up in an *American Legion Magazine* article that appeared just before the sub story broke in March and, it happened, during the most recent session in Geneva of the U.N. Law of the Sea Conference. "According to industry rumors," the article reported, "the Hughes organization has said it doesn't need any guarantees or bank loans and that it will put the *Glomar Explorer* to work when it sees fit. . . . This would please not only the mining companies, but also those who feel the United States must exploit its technological advantage while it still has one, and that it must, for reasons of national security, find safe, substantial, independent sources of the vital raw materials in question."

The revelation that Hughes and the CIA were in cahoots and salvaging an old submarine rather took the wind out of this argument. But the reaction at the sea conference in March was worse (or better, depending on who you are) than it would have been if the charade had continued. For one thing, developing countries tend to be wary of spy ships dressed in commercial clothing. With the Hughes disclosure their suspicions at Geneva multiplied. Moreover, until the sub story surfaced, most nations serious about putting together a workable regime to oversee ocean mining were willing to accept the fact that Howard Hughes, aggravating though he may be, was, after all, just that beloved reclusive billionaire thumbing his rich old nose at the established order. After the cover was blown, it wasn't only Hughes who was trying to pull the rug out from under the Law of the Sea Conference. It was the government of the United States.

It's impossible to gauge precisely how much this affected the conference. The sub raising was a topic of corridor gossip, but it was never discussed in an open forum and nearly all sessions at the conference were closed. Members of the U.S. delegation were instructed to answer any inquiries about it with a firm "no comment." (One delegation source says the U.S. and the Soviet Union, whose interests on the ocean floor tend to coincide even in their desire to spy freely on each other, agreed privately not to talk about the venture if it were publicly cited.) Still, it seems the Hughes-CIA connection must inevitably have hardened the already adamant opposition of the Third World to any use of the deep seabed for private corporate gain. The conference recessed in May, utterly stymied, and is scheduled to meet again this January in New York. Out of the myriad contentious issues to choose from, the sticking point turns out to be ocean mining.

The bloc of 105 developing nations (there are only thirty-five others at the conference) see the ocean floor as the perfect laboratory to nurture their concept of a "new economic order." They are bent on creating an international regime that would have absolute power to keep private companies from harvesting nodules, and they are insisting that the authority be ruled on a one-nation, one-vote basis. John R. Stevenson, the U.S. representative to the conference, told a Senate subcommittee in June that "the basic problem is an ideological gap between those possessing the technological ability to develop deep seabed minerals and those developing countries which insist that the International Authority directly and effectively control all deep seabed mining and associated activities, and ultimately become the exclusive operator of the deep seabed."

Both the United States and the Soviet Union offered

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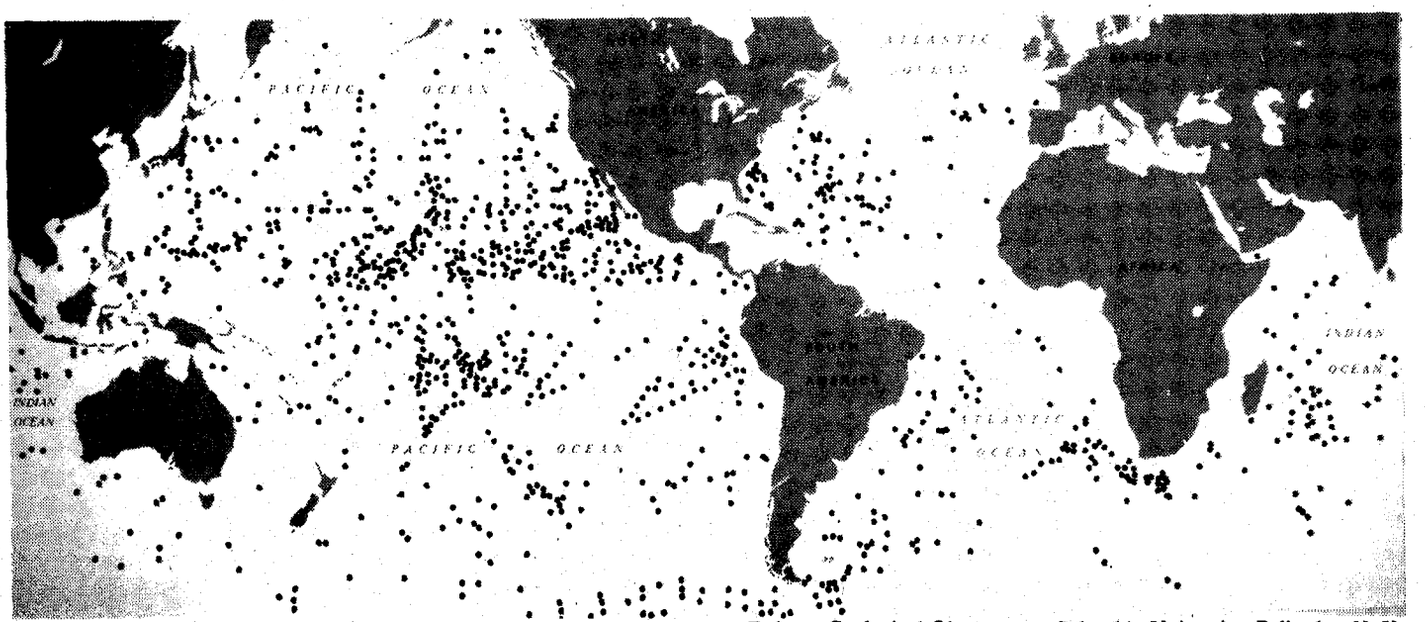

Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, Columbia University, Palisades, N. Y.

Ferromanganese Deposits on the Ocean Floor

compromises. They suggested joint ventures and profit sharing with the authority, as well as the reservation of sites the authority could exploit on its own. This approach, couched in more munificent terms, was sounded in an address in August by Secretary Kissinger, who has been trying a gentler response to Third World militancy. But it doesn't look as if the developing countries have any intention of budging on their ocean-mining position. Leigh Ratiner, head of the Interior Department's newly formed Ocean Mining Administration, begged the subcommittee Senators not to get their hopes up for any easy accommodation. "I think it's particularly important to stress, and I regret having to do this," he said, "that the lack of willingness to compromise comes mainly from the developing countries, not from the developed countries."

That may be so, but only up to a point. The industrialized countries will never compromise their freedom to dredge up and ship home for themselves at least some of the ocean's minerals. Private corporations have been working for years to develop the expertise and the climate to exercise that freedom, and they haven't the slightest intention of giving it up. Many of these companies, whose relations of late with nations where they own or used to own properties have hardly been pleasant, seem to view international affairs as an antagonistic face-off between countries that are rich and countries that would like to be rich. Rich countries need raw materials; poor countries have them, but are making them hard to get. They expropriate mines; they form cartels. If those same minerals are lying on the bottom of the sea for the taking, rich countries would have to be idiots not to go out there and get them.

Kennecott, whose Chilean copper mines were nationalized five years ago, working in consortium with Rio Tinto Zinc and Consolidated Gold Fields of Britain, Mitsubishi of Japan and Noranda Mines of Canada, expects to complete a $50-million ocean-mining research and development program three years from now. (The venture has also received a $1.8-million loan from the British Government.) Tenneco has joined with three Japanese trading firms and subsidiaries of U.S. Steel and Union Minière of Belgium, and has already filed a detailed claim to a mine site on the floor of the Pacific, putting on notice everybody from Utah International Corp. to the Bulgarian Ambassador. Two other international consortia have been formed in the United States and Canada. In all, at least 100 companies around the world—thirty-three in Japan alone—have gotten into the ocean-mining business, not to mention government support in Canada, Britain, France, Germany, Japan, New Zealand, Australia and the Soviet Union.

The U.S. Interior Department has estimated in Congressional briefings that if the ocean-mining industry hit full throttle this year, it could be generating as much as $6 billion in revenue by 1990. At the moment, this country imports 82 per cent of its nickel, 82 per cent of its manganese, 77 per cent of its cobalt and 4.6 per cent of its copper. With an ocean-mining industry to by-pass foreign sources, the United States would be importing only 23 per cent of its manganese by 1990, the government estimates, and imports of nickel, cobalt and copper would be cut to zero. (Incidentally, it is entirely possible that the deep seabed may one day be a source of oil.)

The nations that produce these minerals on dry land are understandably agitated by the prospects of ocean mining on such a scale. They worry that it would glut the market and crush their attempts to gain some influence over prices through cartel arrangements. On the other side of the fence, ocean-mining promoters see the business as an escape from Third World entanglements since it would provide that much talked about independent source of minerals at a time when domestic reserves are dwindling dangerously.

The U.S. State Department has apparently been trying to rise above this board-room wisdom. It has reached the conclusion that the ruckus over ocean mining has been blown out of proportion and that the actual effect on world

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prices would be minimal. A 1974 department memorandum on the use of raw materials other than oil as "economic weapons" also found that cartel activity doesn't pose much of a threat and suggested that "our efforts to deal with the contingencies should not involve commitment of large resources or aggressive postures." The memo added that such a threat might materialize only if some sort of crisis galvanized the producing countries into taking joint protective action. One such crisis that comes to mind might be a sudden rush by private companies to mine the seas.

However, this country's delegation to the Law of the Sea Conference isn't made up solely of diplomats desirous of accord. A legion of special interests is represented, and some of them are especially interested in operating without interference on the ocean bottom. The Treasury Department, which has raised the libertarian argument, sees no sense in turning over any part of the bounty from seabed minerals to an international authority. "Treasury thinks that would be economic balderdash," says one delegation adviser. The Interior Department is concerned about mineral supplies, but it is just as interested in fattening the American mining industry. The avowed goal of the department's new Ocean Mining Administration isn't so much to work toward a world solution of the seabed conflict as it is to create a climate for investment in ocean minerals favorable to U.S. corporations.

Already wary that the distrust of developing countries would cut off easy access to the world's waters, scientific interests are pushing for a treaty that would assure them maximum freedom to operate without supervision. And while the Law of the Sea Conference is excluding overtly military issues, it goes without saying that any restrictions on the use of the oceans threaten to crimp the military style. Freedom of passage through straits has been the sole strictly military question at the conference. Still, the military also has good reasons for wanting to keep the deep seabed free of international legal meddling. The reasons have a good deal to do with spying.

The Seabed Treaty of 1971 prohibits the fixing of weapons of mass destruction to the ocean floor. That, of course, doesn't touch submarines, nor does it affect the emplacement of an astonishing collection of detection devices and even manned stations, burrowed under the sea floor, that seem like something out of a James Bond movie instead of a monograph from the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute. Yet here it is, in a 1972 institute report on "Prospects for Arms Control in the Ocean":

> Through its Deep Ocean Technology programme, the U.S. Navy has been actively engaged in developing construction techniques for such manned stations. . . . Currently an experimental concrete station, Project Seacon, is being built by the U.S. Navy at shallow depths off the coast of California. . . .Manned underwater stations may not only be installed on the seabed, using metals, glass and concrete constructions; they may also be built into the subsoil, using advanced drilling techniques and lock-out facilities. The concept for such subsoil stations, which may be difficult to detect and destroy, is called Rocksite. Eventually, Rocksites may be installed on underwater ridges or isolated seamounts for the purpose of deep-ocean surveillance and submarine support.

This country has also led the way in the installation of underwater submarine surveillance systems of the type that spotted the sunken Russian sub. The more sophisticated the systems get, the more sophisticated and massive is the hardware required on the sea floor and seamounts. The institute said in its document, for example, that the United States "is reported to be considering the design and construction of the largest undersea acoustic system ever conceived—the Suspended Array System—a project which will cost around $1 billion and involve underwater structures, acoustic transducers and electronic systems on an extremely large scale."

With all this (and probably much more) heavy-construction spying going on at the bottom of the sea, an international authority snooping around ocean mines would be unwelcome to military and intelligence types. If the opportunity came up, it would be worth at least some time and effort to discourage the creation of such an international interloper. Since the Navy and the CIA were interested in salvaging a sunken Russian submarine anyway, it was in their interest, and in the interest of Howard Hughes and the rest of the ocean-mining industry, to pick up the sub—and pick up the tab for the *Glomar Explorer* with government money at the same time.

It isn't as though the spies and the sailors were unaware of ocean mining or the promise it carries of independent mineral supplies. Back in 1968, when ocean mining was just emerging (and the Russian sub was just sinking) Robert Frosch, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Research and Development, gave a speech about the budding industry at the Naval War College. It was entitled, "Exploiting Marine Mineral Resources: Problems of National Security and Jurisdiction." Frosch discussed the need, as he saw it, to develop plans for protecting ocean mines against attack in the event that the international community fails to agree on a treaty to govern the deep seabed.

Frosch left the Navy in 1973 for the U.N. Environment Program, but he doubts the government could have overlooked the military relationship to ocean mining in deciding to use the Hughes ship to raise the Russian sub. "If there's some dividing up of the oceans, or an ambiguous situation where claims are filed, then the question of protecting national rights may be very important," he said in an interview. "Any policy maker who dealt in that area was made very aware of it by me."

The military and the ocean miners have also been united for several years by the bonds of a common technology. As the sub raising graphically demonstrated, hardware developed for sucking up manganese nodules can be adapted for grappling sunken hulks. Such interchangeability is glorified by industry and the military in general as "technology transfer." What it means is that there is no such thing as "pure" research. In the Hughes case, one company with roots in scientific exploration, Global Marine, came up with part of the ocean-mining gear; another company, deep into military research, Lockheed, provided the rest of it. The product was a formidable machine with intertwined scientific, military, intelligence and industrial uses.

Global Marine built and operates the *Glomar Explorer.*

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It also built and operates the research ship *Glomar Challenger* under contract with the prestigious Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which gets its money from the government through the National Science Foundation. The *Challenger* has been sailing around the world since 1968, taking core samples of the seabed which have significant scientific value and are also of interest to oil and mining companies and to the military. Under the glare of publicity last spring, Global Marine denied that the *Challenger* or its research had any bearing on the affairs of the *Glomar Explorer*. Yet as far back as December 1966, Global filed a patent for a deep-seabed nodule-mining system that is very similar to the sub-raising equipment. And in 1969, when the company first contracted to build the *Explorer*, its experience with the research ship *Challenger* was trumpeted in a press release issued by Hughes Tool Company, a public corporation since replaced by Hughes's privately held and tight-lipped Summa Corporation.

The 1969 announcement said Global Marine's "deep-water capabilities are currently exemplified by the outstanding success of its ship, *Glomar Challenger*. Many of the technological breakthroughs developed by Global Marine for the Deep Sea Drilling Project will have a direct bearing on the problems associated with deep-ocean mining, and this was a major consideration in their selection. . . ."

Lockheed, the giant defense contractor, signed on with Hughes to build the dredge head for vacuuming nodules from the ocean floor. Apparently, the company also built the big claw used to grab the Russian sub. In what presumably should have been a totally unrelated activity, Lockheed has also been working on a fascinating system for taking three-dimensional pictures through water—even muddy water—using sound waves. The technique is called "acoustical holography." Under classified contracts with the Navy, the company has been building cameras that use the technique at its Palo Alto research laboratories. They cost $500,000 apiece and can be used for underwater surveillance and to explore for everything from manganese nodules to sunken submarines. A Lockheed scientist working on the project said on the phone that all the research is being done for military use. But he said the company has made a single exception, and provided a camera system to a "certain outfit." Was that the Hughes mining business? "I think I'll pass that one up," said the scientist.

Lockheed provided one other service for Hughes: a link to the mining industry's efforts to push unilateral legislation that would permit ocean mining to commence without waiting for a U.N. treaty. Conway Welling, Lockheed's ocean-mining manager (who will say nothing about his project other than that it most certainly involves ocean mining), is a member of the American Mining Congress committee on undersea minerals, which drafted the original Congressional legislation. The committee has representatives from sixteen other companies and from the Chase Manhattan Bank. It has a member on the U.S. diplomatic delegation to the Law of the Sea Conference, where Hughes representatives have never participated.

What I'm suggesting by this tangle of interrelationships, motives and allegiances, is anything but a well-thought-out conspiracy. If there is a shred of solid evidence which says the CIA and Howard Hughes sat down one day and decided to scuttle the Law of the Sea, I haven't found it yet. But I am convinced that ocean mining wasn't simply a "cover" for a secret mission. Hughes and the CIA got together in a mutually agreeable joint venture of like-minded organizations whose objectives happily coincided. It was a reflection of the sort of common purposes that often make relations among the various public and private establishments in this country so congenial. Without them, we wouldn't have nearly as many thrilling spy stories to amuse us. □

HARASSMENT WITHOUT END

North Carolina Blots Its Record

MARK PINSKY

Whereas, In the Providence of God, the colored people have been set free, and this is their country and their home, as well as that of the white people, and there should be nothing to prevent the two races from dwelling in the land in harmony and peace . . . we do heartily accord alike to every citizen without distinction of race or color, equality before the law. . . .

—Laws and Resolutions of North Carolina, 1876-77

Wilmington, N.C.

North Carolina began its observance of the Bicentennial about seven years early—in the late 1960s—by re-creating the post-Reconstruction, legalized terror directed against its black citizens in the closing decades of the 19th century.

The main targets of this drive were three young, college-educated and most attractive black leaders. Much like their forebears of 100 years ago, who traveled the back roads of the state teaching about the "freedom time comin'," the three—Dr. James Grant in Charlotte, Howard Fuller in Durham and the Rev. Ben Chavis in eastern North Carolina—spoke to black students, soldiers, workers, welfare recipients and community activists, urging them all to organize, demonstrate and, most of all, to be proud of who and what they were. The three attracted a wide following among younger blacks, in large measure because, unlike some of the older ministers, they taught that nonviolence was a tactic of struggle rather than a philosophy of passivity.

Part of the civil rights movement of the 1960s began in North Carolina with the Greensboro lunch counter sit-ins.

Mark Pinsky is a free-lance writer based in Durham, N.C.

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Yet state officials, college presidents and newspaper editors were convinced that the widespread unrest among North Carolina's black citizens in the late 1960s was little more than an infectious virus being carried from city to city by Grant, Fuller and Chavis—all of whom were considered outside agitators. Immediately after any civil disorder, demonstration, campus building takeover or boycott, local newspapers or politicians cited as the cause the most recent appearance in the neighborhood of one of the three. (Few, however, seemed hesitant to call on the three to help restore order or to mediate when the situation got beyond local control.) Before long, all three were neck deep in indictments and trials. Many of the charges were so flimsy that they were thrown out of court, found wanting by juries or overturned on appeal. The more serious prosecutions appeared to follow a pattern: a supposedly trusted member of some organization would turn state's evidence, implicating one of the three as being the mastermind of a violent conspiracy. The informer frequently turned out to be a mentally unstable, vociferous advocate of violence within the group, for whom, in exchange for testimony, more serious state or federal charges were dropped, or prison sentences were reduced or suspended.

The specific results of these prosecutions, aside from great cost in time and money, were mixed: Dr. Grant, part of the Raleigh 2 and the Charlotte 3, has been in prison since 1972; Fuller, now known as Owusu Sadauki, was never convicted of a serious offense; and the Rev. Ben Chavis, the best-known member of the Wilmington 10, faces a thirty-four-year sentence, now being appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

In 1898 the port city of Wilmington, N.C. was governed by a multiracial coalition of Populists and Republicans, together known as Fusionists. The city had a black majority (it had been a major port of entry for slaves before the Civil War) and four of the ten city councilmen were black, drawn from the city's substantial black middle class. Thanks to patronage from a Republican Governor and President, black Republicans in Wilmington held various state and federal offices. Two black newspapers published regularly.

On the morning of November 10, 1898—Election Day—a mob of 400 white vigilantes broke into an armory and then marched to the black section of Wilmington where they burned one of the black newspapers to the ground. Shortly thereafter, shooting broke out between whites and blacks which left numerous blacks dead, some of their bodies being thrown into the Cape Fear River. Companies of state militia and U.S. Naval Reserves were called out to stop the fighting and patrol the streets.

While the troops patrolled, the vigilantes visited members of the City Council and, one at a time, forced them to "resign" from the body and "appoint" vigilante replacements. When the changeover was complete, a new Chief of Police and Mayor (the leader of the vigilantes and the county Democratic chairman) were appointed; black officeholders and former officeholders were then run out of town. This "white revolution" was hailed by the Raleigh *News & Observer*, then a voice of virulent racism and Democratic conservatism.

The second "Wilmington Race Riot," which in many ways paralleled the first, began in February 1971, following the imposition of a midyear, court-ordered desegregation of public schools. Desegregation was not welcomed in Wilmington and little preparation was made to smooth the transition from a dual to a unitary school system. Black schools in the center city were simply closed and black students dispersed, by bus, to various previously all-white schools. Within the first month of desegregation black students expressed themselves as unhappy about the lack of black teachers and coaches, extracurricular activities, mascots, cultural activities and with what they said was an unequal standard of discipline.

A dispute by several black high school students over a memorial to Martin Luther King, Jr., led to the suspension of the students, and that sparked talk of a system-wide boycott of the schools by all black students. The protesting students chose for their headquarters and meeting place Gregory Congregational Church, located on the edge of the black community (it had once been used as a school for ex-slaves). In the next two weeks tension increased daily; telephone threats were made and cruising nightriders appeared. The white pastor of the church, Eugene Templeton, alarmed by the escalation of events, approached the United Church of Christ's Commission on Racial Justice in New York, which in turn dispatched one of its field representatives, the Rev. Ben Chavis.

At the time, sending for Chavis seemed the natural thing to do. He was born in Oxford, N.C. in 1947. He attended college at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, majoring in chemistry, but his real education took place outside the classroom. Chavis organized the predominantly white school's first black student union, ran for Charlotte City Council and, with Jim Grant, helped organize black sanitation workers for the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME). He graduated in 1969 and was ordained by the United Church of Christ after an in-service ministry training program in 1971, thereafter taking a position with the Church of Christ's Commission on Racial Justice. As Chavis traveled through eastern North Carolina and southern Virginia, his roots in the region, together with his quiet but compelling manner, attracted a wide following. It also got him into trouble with the law. His arrest record reads like a primer on harassment:

—April 1968, Charlotte, N.C.: charged with trespass; case dismissed.

—October 1970, Henderson, N.C.: charged with a faulty signal light; case dismissed.

—April 1971, Raleigh, N.C.: charged with assault on a police officer; case dismissed.

—October 1971, Wilmington, N.C.: charged with driving an unregistered vehicle; not guilty.

—December 1971, Wilmington, N.C.: charged with being an accessory after the fact of murder; not guilty.

—April 1972, Raleigh, N.C.: charged with conspiracy, possession and manufacture of firearms, aiding and abetting federal fugitives; not guilty.

—January 1972, Portsmouth, Va.: charged with running a stoplight, failing to show registration and disruption of a public school; not guilty.

The Reverend Chavis had never been to Wilmington before February 1971, and he did not have much time to

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get acquainted. In the week that followed, a list of ten demands were drawn up for the Superintendent of Schools, enumerating the grievances of the black students. When the school board ignored the demands, black students down to the elementary grades took part in a peaceful mass walkout, followed by a march of 800 people to the school board.

As the action of the black community increased, the reaction of some elements of the white community kept pace. The telephone threats against the Reverend Templeton and the church got ugly, and the nightriders began shooting more frequently and not always carefully into the air. Spokesmen for the KKK and a local offshoot called the Rights of White People (ROWP) made public threats about a mass attack on the black community which more than vaguely recalled the vigilante action of seventy-five years earlier. (Nor were these idle threats: in the year that followed, the leader of the ROWP was convicted of fire-bombing a black newspaper and a synagogue.)

In response to these developments those inside Gregory Congregational Church proceeded with two courses of action: the Reverend Chavis led a march of more than 1,000 people to the City Hall, requesting that the Mayor invoke a curfew to keep the streets clear in the black community; the Reverend Templeton requested protection for himself and his church from the Chief of Police. Both the Mayor and the Chief of Police refused to act.

At the same time black students and neighborhood residents began arming themselves, barricading the church and the houses on the streets facing the church, and setting up roadblocks on the four intersections around the church. By midweek, the area at night resembled a battle zone, with sporadic shootings, squealing tires and many small fires. On the fifth night, Saturday, the firing became so intense that the people in the church called on the head of a special state highway patrol unit that had been sent in by the Governor to clear the area around the church of vigilantes. Shortly thereafter, phone and electrical lines to the church were cut. The state police never appeared, but the local police did, shooting down one black student as he left the church. The Reverend Chavis said the boy, Steve Mitchell, had consistently argued against all violence inside the church and had left the building, unarmed, to turn in a fire alarm when he was shot. Chavis also said that Mitchell was alive when the police took him away. The police report indicates a shotgun was found near the body, but no fingerprints or registration markings were taken.

On the following day, Sunday, a white man drove his pickup truck to one of the abandoned barricades, got out, raised and fired a .38 caliber pistol and was himself shot dead. Immediately the Mayor of Wilmington ordered a curfew and the Governor of North Carolina sent 600 National Guardsmen to the city for the second time since the 1898 riots (the previous occasion was after the death of Martin Luther King, Jr.; Wilmington was the only North Carolina city to which troops were dispatched). As might be expected, the National Guardsmen took up positions around the church Sunday night, complete with armored personnel carrier. Their weapons were aimed toward the church, preparing for an assault rather than a defense. The great assault itself was put off until daylight Monday, in part to await the arrival of network camera crews. Unfortunately for the National Guard commander, when the attack began the church was empty.

In the spring of 1971, the Reverend Chavis, eight teenaged blacks and a white VISTA volunteer were indicted on charges of conspiracy and of fire-bombing a white-owned grocery store around the corner from the church during the disturbances. Local officials acknowledged that they could not expect a fair trial in Wilmington, so the trial was moved to neighboring Pender County, which is predominantly black. The jury included ten blacks and two whites. However, before testimony could begin the prosecutor announced that he was ill, and the judge declared a mistrial. At the second trial, where the jury drawn included ten whites and two blacks, the prosecutor remained healthy. In part this may have been because he used more than forty peremptory challenges against prospective black jurors; or because the judge refused to allow defense attorneys to question prospective jurors extensively about their racial attitudes and would not agree that membership in the KKK constituted "cause" for excusing jurors.

The trial lasted two months and only one of the defendants—the white VISTA volunteer—took the witness stand to testify that she was at home at the time she was accused of conspiring to assault emergency personnel. The prosecution's case was based largely on evidence given by a young black who confessed to taking part in the February rioting. Chavis recalled the witness as one of the more unstable people inside the church, and said that he may in fact have disarmed him at one point. After confessing to the police, the young man was sent to the state mental hospital, where he remained until he pleaded guilty to all charges and agreed to testify against the Wilmington 10. During a week-long examination and cross-examination, the informer physically assaulted defense attorney James Fergusson and lunged toward Chavis. Chavis says the man now regularly telephones him and his mother from prison, to recant his testimony, claiming that authorities had promised that he would go free.

Addressing the jury after the evidence had been completed, the New Hanover County prosecutor (since appointed assistant U.S. Attorney) said that the defendants were "dangerous animals who should be put away for the rest of their lives." The jury evidently agreed; in less than an hour it found all ten guilty. The judge then sentenced them to prison terms ranging from ten years for the VISTA worker to thirty-four years for Chavis.

In the years since their conviction the Wilmington 10 have been in and out of prison while appeals were argued and bail raised (more than $200,000). Both the state Court of Appeals and the North Carolina Supreme Court have rejected their appeals. Their last legal recourse is the U.S. Supreme Court, where they filed an appellate brief on October 3, 1974.

Media coverage of the case has, from the outset, been somewhat erratic. The Associated Press correspondent who covered the critical week in February recalled that he spent most of his time in the Wilmington police station. When Chavis and Templeton called a press conference at the same time that the National Guard was scheduled to

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assault the church, they felt it necessary to drive more than 150 miles to Raleigh to conduct it. The trial itself was covered on an irregular basis by the state's larger dailies. Since the verdict, the case has been consistently eclipsed by a series of other issues involving North Carolina's legal system: the Charlotte 3, Joan Little, the state's overcrowded prison system, the proposed Federal Center for Correctional Research and the death penalty case (*Fowler* vs. *North Carolina*) now before the U.S. Supreme Court. Only the *Charlotte Observer* and *The Washington Post* have continued to cover the case through investigative reports, editorials and editorial columns which questioned the trials, the verdicts and the sentences. By contrast, the Raleigh *News & Observer*, which had so much to say about the original Wilmington riot, has remained almost totally silent, except to comment editorially that "Grant, Chavis and their associates deserve no sympathy . . . no matter how high-minded they were about using violence" because they "came to confuse the rightness of their cause with a supposed right to advance their ideas by arson, bombing, shooting and other violations of law."

One who has taken a considerable and continuing interest in the case is Angela Davis and, through her, the National Alliance Against Racial and Political Repression (NAARPR). Chavis helped found the NAARPR, which was an outgrowth of the Angela Davis Defense Committees, and is one of its vice chairpersons. The NAARPR has recently held rallies for the Wilmington 10 in Washington and New York.

The Reverend Chavis is still on the staff of the United Church of Christ, which raised the bail for the Wilmington 10, working for the Commission on Racial Justice in Washington, where he is enrolled in graduate work in divinity at Howard University.

Even if the U.S. Supreme Court frees Chavis and the others, the aim of those who brought the charges against him, James Grant and Howard Fuller, will have been accomplished: to immobilize and remove from the state in a critical period the emerging leadership of North Carolina's black community. □

How To Plan in a Mixed Economy

DEREK SHEARER and LEE WEBB

In the minds of most Americans, long-term economic planning and nationalization are socialistic. In fact, the most ardent and successful planners in the United States are the nation's large, private corporations—the *Fortune* 500—and in many respects these leading corporations are already nationalized. They operate under advantageous regulation and with a variety of government subsidies and contracts. They control sizable shares of national and foreign markets, having long ago swallowed less powerful local and regional firms. They are not run by their private owners, but by a managerial elite.

While these corporations can usually plan "product cycles," predetermine desired rates of return, and create demand for products, their control over the business environment does not extend to the economy as a whole. Powerful corporations—whose primary goals are their own growth and survival—cannot foresee and manipulate all the variables which affect the economy. Planning by single firms does not add up to a coordinated economy.

The current economic state of the country reflects both the power of the large firms and the chaotic nature of planning by isolated firms. Such respected younger economists as Barry Bluestone of Boston College and Bennett Harrison of M.I.T. contend that inflation, unemployment and uneven development are *inevitable* in an economy in which private firms decide where and how to invest and the government limits itself to Keynesian fine tuning. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the country's most prestigious corporate and financial leaders are advocating a form of economic planning and investment by the federal government.

Sentiment for national economic planning and investment seems certain to grow as the recession lingers. To date, two concrete proposals have been put forward: a call by investment banker Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Frères for a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC); and a proposal from a group of academic, business and labor leaders to establish a national economic planning agency.

Rohatyn floated his idea in a *New York Times* article last December; it was followed by an explanatory interview in *Forbes* in February. As *Forbes* reported, the proposal has received support from the financial establishment. "It is essential that we move in this direction," wrote William McChesney Martin, former head of the Federal Reserve. Gustave Levy, managing partner of Wall Street's Goldman, Sachs; Securities and Exchange Commission chairman, Ray Garrett, and Alfred Hayes, former president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, have spoken in favor of the concept.

Vice President Rockefeller likes the general principle. He has announced that his staff is studying the feasibility of establishing a government corporation to provide capital to the energy industry. President Ford endorsed the idea of the energy corporation in a mid-September speech in San Francisco. A look back at history offers some insight into the enthusiasm of these staunch free enterprisers for such "government intervention."

The original RFC, established by Congress and President Hoover, was modeled after the War Finance Corporation which had provided emergency loans for business expansion during World War I. The early purpose of the RFC was to extend loans to banks. Hoover viewed it as a psychological tool to shore up business confidence by

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letting everyone know that the federal government would keep the banks solvent.

During 1932, the RFC made loans totaling $2.3 billion, mostly to banks, but in some cases to railroads so that they could repay loans extended by banks. The activities of the RFC were kept secret; many loans were made to banks with which its directors were connected. The RFC was authorized only to make loans; it was not permitted to purchase stock. For many banks RFC loans did not help; their problem was lack of capital, not the availability of loan money.

Under the New Deal the RFC became more aggressive. Roosevelt appointed Jesse Jones, a wealthy Texas entrepreneur, to head it, and sponsored legislation to expand its size and powers. Roosevelt and Jones wanted the RFC not just to protect the nation's credit institutions but to be an instrument of economic stimulation.

The RFC was authorized to extend loans to corporations of all types. In addition, as a pseudo-holding company it became the corporate vehicle under which a number of subsidiaries were created. The Commodity Credit Corporation supported the prices of agricultural commodities. The Electric Home and Farm Authority financed purchase of electrical appliances, particularly in rural areas. The RFC Mortgage Company and the Federal National Mortgage Association bought up mortgages to pump money into the construction industry. The Export-Import Bank, another subsidiary, provided financing for exports.

In addition, the RFC helped to finance flood control and other public works projects, offered loans for agricultural marketing and rural electrification. In the process it helped to put into business American Airlines, Tennessee Gas Transmission, and El Paso Natural Gas.

In less than two years, up to January 1934, the RFC pumped more money into the American economy than the House of Morgan had done from 1919 to 1933. By 1938, the RFC had disbursed $10 billion.

With the onset of World War II, the RFC, through its subsidiary, the Defense Plant Corporation, became the holding company for industrial expansion. The DPC loaned more than $9 billion, nearly half of which went to the nation's largest corporations. By 1945, the DPC had financed 2,098 plants, of which 920 were owned outright by the DPC. After the war, most of the plants were sold at bargain prices to private corporations.

Another large RFC subsidiary, the Defense Supplies Corporation, disbursed an additional $9 billion. It helped to foster the synthetic rubber industry. Yet another subsidiary, the Metals Reserves Company, spent almost $3 billion to purchase strategic minerals and finance the necessary processing and extraction plants. A smaller RFC operation, the Defense Homes Corporation, spent about $75 million to construct housing for government employees. In the years 1932 to 1946, the RFC spent approximately $50 billion, a massive amount at the time.

The point in summarizing the RFC's history is to illustrate that institutions often have a life of their own which outlasts the original purposes of their founders. Rohatyn does not, of course, advocate that a new RFC engage in as many diverse activities as the old one. He is careful to state that he envisions the new RFC as a temporary solution to current problems. When *Forbes* pressed him on whether he wasn't really advocating permanent government ownership of major troubled corporations such as Pan Am, Rohatyn replied:

> If the RFC works, it won't be the first step in that direction [toward government ownership], however. Just the opposite. We're talking about *temporary* equity investments by the government. Two, three years might be sufficient for a Lockheed or a major airline that may have a temporary problem.

Bills to establish a new RFC have been introduced in the House and Senate. Staff members of the Senate Banking Committee, chaired by Sen. William Proxmire who looks unfavorably on Rohatyn's proposal, say the Senate bill is dead for the moment. Newly elected House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Reuss is already on record against the proposal. It could, however, be revived by a new administration, if a Republican or a conservative Democrat were elected in 1976. Talk in business publications about the "Great Capital Shortage" enhances the prospect.

The advocates of national economic planning have set up temporary headquarters at the offices of *Challenge* magazine in White Plains, New York. Sens. Hubert Humphrey and Jacob Javits are the announced co-sponsors of a bill to create an office of national economic planning. Its major function would be informational. The office would accumulate, collate and analyze economic information from numerous sources, then provide the President and the Congress with alternative economic programs for both the long and short term. The committee's statement notes:

> It should be clear that the planning office would not set specific goals for General Motors, General Electric, General Foods, or any other individual firm. But it would indicate the number of cars, the number of generators and the quantity of frozen foods we are likely to require in, say, five years, and it would try to induce the relevant industries to act accordingly.

Like the new RFC, the committee's proposal has its historical precedent in a creature of the 1930s, the National Resources Planning Board. Originally called the National Resources Committee, its industrial section was conceived as assisting in relief work by studying industrial plant capacity and employment opportunities. However, when economist Gardiner Means took over as research director in 1935, the committee embarked on extensive research projects designed to discover "what would constitute a balance of production and consumption at a high level." The purpose of these studies was to provide the basic data necessary for effective national planning. The committee never had strong political support within the administration and consequently its studies did not have much effect.

If an office of national economic planning were established, there is obviously no guarantee as to how the data and plans would actually be used. They could simply help G.M. to predict more accurately the market for its cars. Indeed, that is the most likely outcome. If we ask the classic question of politics—who will benefit from these proposals?—it seems clear that the answer is the large corporations.

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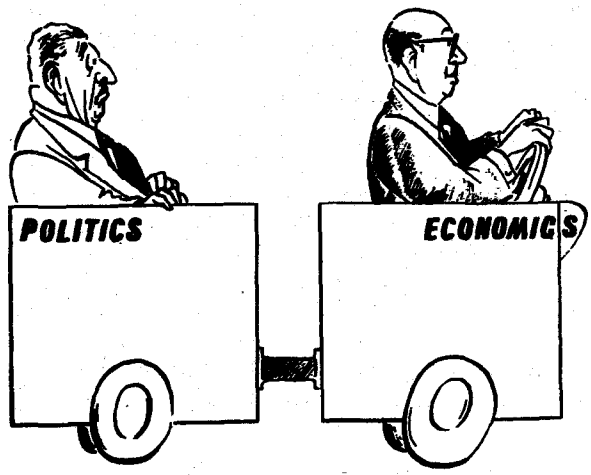
On the other hand, a centrally planned socialist economy, run by a managerial and party elite, is not a very attractive alternative, and the results are not likely to be very different from what you get under corporate capitalism. It should be possible in the United States, a country with strong democratic traditions, to establish a system of economic planning and mixed ownership that is open and accountable to the citizens and geared to publicly debated and generally accepted goals. We should begin by selectively borrowing from the experience of other countries.

Canada, for example, recently created a government holding company, the Canadian Development Corporation, that buys shares in private companies threatened with foreign takeover. It also purchases small private companies



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

with a potential for expansion and helps to reorganize them, with a view to making Canada more competitive in the world market and less dependent on American subsidiaries. Its overall purpose is to foster Canadian ownership of business.

Canadian governments, at the provincial level, successfully operate public enterprises as both a source of revenue and as a way to achieve social goals. In British Columbia, the government has saved jobs in the northwest by purchasing timber and paper plants. In 1974, the provincial government established an insurance company, ICBC, whose assets are to be invested in provincial housing and industry. This year, a publicly owned British Columbia Savings and Trust was formed. A conservative government in Alberta last year purchased an airline, Canadian Pacific, to assure control over the province's economic development; it has also established a public oil corporation. In Saskatchewan, a public land bank helps family farmers by purchasing land and leasing it back to those who would otherwise be forced out of farming. Both the Saskatchewan and British Columbia governments make loans and grants to producer and consumer co-ops, as well as to small businesses.

France has both national planning and public enterprise. The major banks and insurance companies were nationalized immediately after World War II, along with Renault, the leading car manufacturer. Electric companies and the leading oil company are publicly owned. The government prepares five-year plans. The process is a cooperative one in which planners work closely with the top firms. An expert on the French economy, Prof. John Sheahan of Williams College, notes that the problem with French planning has not been the planning mechanism itself but the fact that successive conservative governments have refused to set distinct goals for the planners. He writes that the mild success of French national planning has been aided by the existence of major public firms. French public enterprises have been in the van of postwar French economic recovery, far outperforming more stodgy private firms. However, public firms have not distinguished themselves in the treatment of workers. Employees at the French public banks recently struck over what they viewed as high-handed and authoritarian management.

While the Italian governmental bureaucracy is hopelessly inefficient, strangely enough government-owned enterprises have been run efficiently and dynamically; and they have been the key factor in Italian economic growth since World War II. IRI—a state holding company which began under Mussolini in the 1930s when Italian banks went under and were rescued by the government—operates firms in steel, airlines, cars, telephones and electronics. A separate holding company, ENI, is active in the energy field. Acting under a legal requirement to invest a certain percentage in the underdeveloped southern region, IRI and ENI have creatively followed the government's directives and built modern plants in the south which are competitive in the Common Market.

Public enterprises in Sweden have recently been consolidated under a state holding company. Sweden also boasts a strong cooperative sector which has successfully fought monopoly policies of private firms. The government has pledged to support industrial democracy; it has passed laws putting employee representatives on many boards of directors and encourages private firms and labor unions to experiment together with less hierarchical work arrangements.

In Israel, trade unions, through Histadrut (the trade union league), own and operate business enterprises. On the *kibbutzim*, community-owned co-ops produce a variety of agricultural and industrial goods.

The Labour government in England has proposed a National Enterprise Board (NEB) which would purchase shares in leading companies in the dynamic growth sectors of the economy. The board would also engage in noncoercive planning agreements with large private firms on the size and location of investments. The board would make grants to private and public firms that were requested to take actions which might be unprofitable but socially desirable. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, leader of the left wing of the Labour Party and an advocate of public ownership, has stated that firms in which the NEB takes ownership would experiment with worker participation. The Labour government has also loaned funds to groups of workers to establish Britain's first cooperative newspaper, the *Scottish Daily News*, and to purchase the Triumph motorcycle works.

The United States does not need more accurate forecasts of industrial output, which is what a national economic planning agency would provide. Economic planning should begin by setting publicly debated socio-

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economic goals, and follow that by devising a combination of micro- and macro-economic mechanisms to realize them. For example, the economic rights spelled out in Roosevelt's famous 1944 speech to Congress—a decent job, housing, health care, food and education for every American—should be adopted as national goals. Then policies should be adopted to accomplish the desired ends.

Real full employment—i.e., a job for every citizen willing and able to work—could be achieved by passing the Equal Opportunity and Full Employment Act of 1976, sponsored by Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.) and Rep. Augustus Hawkins (D., Calif.). The bill would make full employment the law of the land and require the President to follow economic policies and programs that would guarantee jobs for all. That is the sort of national economic planning that Americans will support and that is desperately needed.

There are other goals beyond FDR's Economic Bill of Rights. These include controlling inflation, "smoothing out" economic development by eliminating ghettos and regions of poverty and, above all, changing the distribution of ownership of economic enterprises. In fact, controlling inflation and remedying uneven development are contingent on altering ownership. A recent poll by the Peter Hart Co. indicates that a majority of Americans favor a broadening of ownership patterns. They believe, according to the poll results, that economic democracy, wherein workers and consumers participate in and actually own corporations, is a desirable national goal.

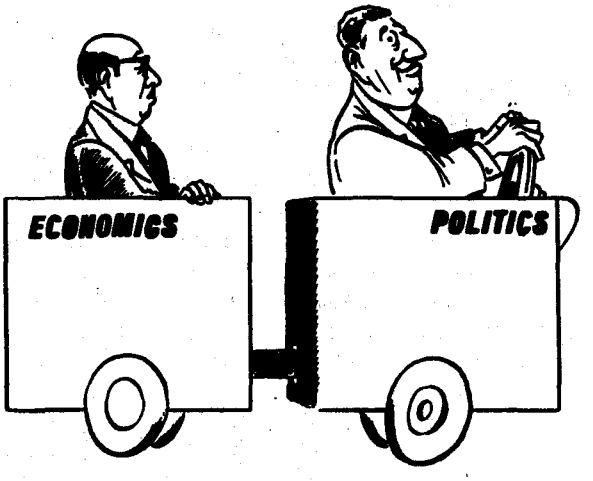
Such economic pluralism means a society with a diverse, diffused, heterogeneous pattern of ownership, with government, co-ops, unions, pension funds, churches, community organizations, workers and millions of private families all participating. This new ownership movement, which is already spreading, has its roots in existing enterprises that are reminders of the country's Populist past. Legacies of that Populist tradition include city-owned and -operated power plants and distribution systems. North Dakota has had a state-owned bank since 1919, and Wisconsin boasts a fifty-year-old state-owned insurance fund. In the 1960s, community-owned corporations aided by OEO grants sprung up in a few cities. Recently, a group of workers in Vermont purchased the asbestos plant that employed them.

This year Assemblyman Charles Warren introduced a bill in the California legislature to create a state-owned oil and gas corporation. The city of Los Angeles is studying the feasibility of establishing a city-owned development bank. The Massachusetts legislature is debating a bill that would establish a state power authority. The legislature has recently formed the Massachusetts Development Finance Corporation to assist a variety of enterprises—private, community-owned, worker-owned and consumer-owned—by providing start-up capital and technical assistance. In New York, the legislature is seriously debating the establishment of a state-owned bank.

Similar bills and projects could be proposed in other cities and states. However, if this new ownership movement at the state and local levels is to be successful, it will ultimately need help from Washington.

One possible finance mechanism is the National Co-op Development Bank. A bill to establish this bank is currently being drafted by a group that includes Ralph Nader and the Co-op League of the U.S. The Co-op bank would lend money to such cooperative ventures as credit unions, housing, health care, food and child care, and to other user- and producer-owned enterprises. In addition to loan funds, the bank would operate a special "self-help development" fund to make equity (investment) capital available to co-ops in low-income areas. The bank's branches would provide technical and management assistance to users, and each would have an advisory board composed of co-op members and experts.

Senator Humphrey and others have outlined legislation to create a National Domestic Development Bank that would provide long-term financing at reasonable interest rates for expanded public works. That is too limited. A National Development Bank should be part of a strategy to diversify ownership. Through regional offices, such a federally owned bank would provide money to state and local governments to meet enormous needs in the public sector for mass transit, housing, pollution control and waste management, and for schools. More important, loans and technical assistance would be available to groups of workers and unions wishing to purchase the companies in which they work. Funds would be provided to establish farm ownership agencies that would enable states to purchase farmland and lease it to family farmers or farm-worker co-ops. Money would be loaned to state and municipally owned banks, and to state and municipal governments to finance acquisition of private utilities.



Moving toward this sort of pluralist economy will, of course, be opposed politically by business interests and fought economically by the large corporations. The power of the *Fortune* 500 must be reduced, and an element of public control over prices and investment is necessary. But outright nationalization of entire industries is neither politically nor economically desirable. Rather, a strategy of competitive public enterprise coupled with noncoercive economic planning should be adopted.

A government holding company—it might be called the American Enterprise Fund—should be created as the vehicle for establishing a publicly owned industrial presence in the profitable and expanding dominant sectors of the economy. The fund would purchase at least one major firm in the oligopolistic industries: auto, steel, com-

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puters, drugs, insurance, etc. These public companies would be run, like the Canadian crown companies, as competitive enterprises in each of the fields. They would be civil service-exempt, run efficiently, but open and publicly accountable to Congress and the President. This concept has already been introduced into political debate by Sen. Adlai Stevenson (D., Ill.), who advocates a federal oil and gas corporation.

The fund might rescue some failing companies, but chiefly for the purpose of protecting jobs in hard-pressed areas. Assistance to private companies in financial difficulties would carry with it an equity position in the company. This would give the fund both a say in the company, including public representation on the board of directors, and the opportunity to enjoy any future profits and capital gains. That is a much wiser use of public money than the current practice of aiding troubled private firms with loans and subsidies, the public getting nothing in exchange but higher taxes. If Pan Am, for example, wishes public money, then the public should obtain stock and representation on the board of directors.

When the Council of Economic Advisers or Congress wanted the fund to pursue certain social goals in its investment policies, such as unprofitable bailouts or regional development, grants would be administered and accounted for out of a separate fund. Non-economic goals should be made explicit and publicly debated, in contrast to the current system of obscuring these judgments through tax loopholes and various subsidy programs.

The fund would acquire firms in the dynamic, growth-initiating sectors, not the passive, growth-dependent ones. Therefore, railroads, if nationalized, should be operated by a separate government corporation. By acquiring firms in the growth-initiating sectors, the fund could lead development into certain technologies and regions because a leading company brings with it many related privately owned suppliers and subcontractors.

In addition, competitive public enterprises can affect the behavior of private firms by producing and selling safer and more sensible products such as a readable insurance policy, a long-lasting light bulb, or a compact, nonpolluting car. The competitive public enterprises would also set an example by adopting more democratic work arrangements, including union participation in decision making.

The fund would be completely owned by the government of the United States, civil service-exempt and directed by an independent board similar to that of the TVA. It could establish completely new firms, as well as purchase existing ones. It would also be able to engage in joint ventures with private firms. While the parent holding company would be entirely publicly owned, subsidiaries could be permitted a minority private ownership as long as no one private group or individual held too great a percentage of the stock. The competitive public enterprises owned by the fund would be subject to the environmental, product and safety codes prevailing in the particular industry.

The staff of the fund would work closely with the Council of Economic Advisers to draw up noncoercive plans for overall monetary and fiscal policy and for long-term investment strategy. The fund-owned public sector would provide the council with accurate data and an association with companies more responsive than private firms to cooperative action with government.

The comprehensive economic reform program which we've described will inevitably be labeled socialistic. If socialism is defined as *both* a democratic government and a democratic economy, accountable to public representatives and not to a rich and powerful elite, then this is democratic socialism. In any event, it is a pluralist economy.

The label is not important. As Ralph Nader has said on numerous occasions, "Socialism or capitalism—I don't care what word you use. Just tell me, is it thoroughly democratic?" □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 322*)

Hiss-Chambers case. I argued then (and now) that most earlier writers on the case, whether pro-Hiss or pro-Chambers, "have concentrated on martyrology and devil theories, concerns that may bear on the symbolic burden that the episode accumulated in the early Fifties, when it confronted politicians and intellectuals alike." I now regret my unfortunate choice of the word "inquisitors" to describe those intellectuals who believed Chambers's version of events, whatever their personal feelings toward the man might have been. The word could just as easily describe those commentators who could not bear considering the possibility of Alger Hiss's guilt, and who viewed all arguments for his guilt as *prima facie* attacks on both the Roosevelt administration's achievements and on all so-called "progressive" forces within government. As we both know, there were more than enough illusions about this case available to satisfy both sides.

I do agree with you about the importance of releasing Mr. Nixon's Grand Jury testimony. Months ago, I formally requested such release under the Freedom of Information Act, not only of this testimony but also of the testimony by Alger and Priscilla Hiss, Whittaker Chambers and other leading figures in the case. Now that the FBI materials on the case—which I have been seeking for several years—seem finally to be emerging, perhaps the Grand Jury transcripts will not be far behind. My request is at present on appeal with the Justice Department. *Allen Weinstein*

Soviet women

Berkeley, Calif.

Overwhelmed as I am by the prospect of combating each erroneous assumption and fact in "Soviet Women Today" by Dorothy Atkinson [*The Nation*, Sept. 6], I can only refer your readers to the new Doubleday-Anchor book, *Soviet Women*, by William Mandel, another participant at Atkinson's conference on "Women in Russia." Some of the data Atkinson quoted is based on 1960s censuses and some is just plain wrong. . . .

Contrary to the serious mistakes which are repeated in Dr. George Silver's editorial [*The Nation*, June 21], and in JoAnn Menkus's response [Letters, *The Nation*, July 5], as well as in Atkinson's article: (*1*) Female physicians constitute one-half the heads of all Russian hospitals and clinics, including the best Soviet psychiatric hospital. The USSR is the only country in the world in which the majority of all employed college-educated professionals are women, and women outnumber men in the four high-prestige, mass-scale professions. (*2*) The wage of a wife is *not* "two-thirds of her husband's on the average" (Atkinson) but rather "four-fifths of all Soviet married women with at least a high school education are earning as much as or more than their husbands" (Mandel). (*3*) Atkinson says "medicine is not a highly paid profession," yet nearly five years ago a 20 per cent across-the-board raise given to that and the teaching profession brought their pay scales up to that of engineering (which is 40 per cent female).

Laura X, President, Women's History Research Center

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Party Spirit or the Public Weal?

RESIGNATION IN PROTEST. *By Edward Weisband and Thomas M. Franck. Grossman Publishers. 236 pp. $10.*

MILTON CANTOR

Upon reading the terms of the 1938 Munich agreement negotiated by Neville Chamberlain, his friend and benefactor, A. Duff Cooper, resigned as First Lord of the Admiralty. "I said to myself," he later wrote, "if these are accepted it will be the end of all decency in the conduct of public affairs in the world." And, he continued, "I have given up the privilege of serving as lieutenant to a leader whom I still regard with the deepest admiration and affection. I have ruined, perhaps, my political career. But that is a little matter. I have retained something which is to me of great value—I can still walk about the world with my head erect."

Compare Cooper's resignation, or for that matter Winston Churchill's in 1915, with the silent leave-taking of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara or HEW Secretary John Gardner and you have the main thrust of *Resignation in Protest.* Franck and Weisband have written a brave and important book, possibly the most instructive about the Watergate and Vietnam years that we have. The contrast between the British and American practices is startling and unhappy. The public-protest resignations of Cooper, Churchill, Sir John Simon, Aneurin Bevan, Anthony Eden—the list is a long one—were often accompanied by angry speeches in the House of Commons. Thereafter they maintained a highly visible opposition from the back bench or from platforms outside of Parliament, with a resulting increase in personal stature and in the nation's understanding of the issues at stake. The post-resignation debate which they inspired might—as with Churchill's in 1915—reveal wartime strategy, including confidential ministerial advice, or simply disclose national security decisions in general, but did not stigmatize the departing official as a "traitor" or a "tattler," which it would probably do in this country. Nor did it bar the official from future public service—if only in the opposition party. Not so in the United States. Here loyalty to the President and the team or to the party takes precedence over individual judgment and conscience, much as it would in the world of business. Emphasis is upon team play and group loyalty, not conviction or accountability; and if one must resign, then it is to be done like a gentleman, with tact and discretion. Such a resignation, not violating company rules, enables one to serve again in public office, or in the large legal or corporate institutions from which the official was initially recruited and to which he expects to return after the brief interlude in which he helped shape national policy: to do otherwise is to forfeit forever a prominent private as well as public career. Small wonder, then, that "ethical autonomy" is a secondary and infrequent consideration.

Such has not always been our tradition. Witness, for instance, the gentle William Ellery Channing or the cantankerous Henry David Thoreau on the Mexican War; or the countless Northerners of pre-Civil War America who resisted what they concluded were unjust laws and policies. They did so in the belief that every contract—including the Constitution, with its fugitive slave clause—commanding an immoral act was wrong, that unjust statutes should not be obeyed, that there are private obligations which have nothing to do with politics, that a man must honor his duty to his God and to his conscience, and that these have priority if they are in conflict with obligations to the state. Witness, too, more recent examples: the resignation of William Jennings Bryan from Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet or Harold Ickes's departure from Truman's—both for questions of principle. Such actions have become increasingly rare, and lonely are the brave, those who—like Bryan, Ickes, Elliot Richardson, William Ruckelshaus, among others—point the finger at specific colleagues or even at Presidents, and in the process elevate the level of democratic discourse and public awareness of the issues involved.

Dean Acheson, who himself exited quietly from Franklin Roosevelt's Cabinet—a resignation that was a model of decorum and judiciousness—rightly concluded that "the most exclusive club in America" is composed "of men in public who have resigned in the cause of conscience." The reasons for such politic and cordial leave-takings are obvious and carefully surveyed by Franck and Weisband. First, there is the "team" tradition, drummed into public figures when they served large corporations or prestigious law firms. Second, the "cost of candor" is very high: ostracism in private as well as public life. Third, the public-protest resigner usually becomes the target of a campaign—generally successful—on the part of the White House and agencies below it, "to destroy his reputation and credibility." Understandably, resignations are almost always tempered by caution, by the need to maintain the image of eligibility.

What is clearly wanted today, as Franck and Weisband indicate, are some brave men who are beyond the reach of internal and social group pressures. For too long Americans have applauded those officials who displayed team loyalty, who acquiesced when confronted by the power of the state, who were reluctant to speak out, who never considered challenging national policies and who, setting out on this slippery slope, were unable to draw any hard ethical line.

Franck and Weisband are tough and unsparing. They criticize an entire generation of public servants, not simply the national security managers. They are especially harsh on officials like McNamara. Having disagreed with administration policy in Vietnam, McNamara might have played a significant role in shaping public opinion on the war; but, motivated perhaps by earlier training in corporate bonhomie or an unwillingness to admit failure of his vaunted systems analysis and cost-effectiveness calculations, he opted for silence and a secure enclave, the World Bank, Lyndon Johnson's reward for prudence. McNamara had a choice, all men do: silence or no position—and he chose silence. Franck and Weisband do not take cheap shots. They are also ready to criticize men they otherwise admire: Assistant Secretary of State Charles Frankel, for one, is given high marks for intelligence—and for resigning. But he is nonetheless arraigned for failing to assign responsibility to the crisis managers or to take a stand on Vietnam policy, which clearly appalled him. Then there is HEW Secretary John Gardner. Disillusioned with the shift of priorities away from the war on poverty and urban blight, he was nonetheless reluctant to speak out on the war—until the Cambodian invasion. His private doubts and criticism notwithstanding, he asserted publicly that the "war was not a factor" in his resignation and thus went the silent way of McNamara, McGeorge Bundy and Bill Moyers. George Ball is properly scored for semi-noninvolvement, for the moral obtuseness that denied the need to resign—since Europe, not Southeast Asia, was his main

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area of responsibility. Ball's primary obligation, he himself later stated, was not to George Ball—that is, to the demands of conscience—but to the office of the Under Secretary of State and to the President. And Ball might also have been blamed for deception, since he denied publicly that an indigenous civil war was underway in Vietnam in the mid-1960s and saying privately, "I was doing exactly what any government official must necessarily do if there is to be an orderly government. . . ."

Franck and Weisband do not neglect those who publicly resign, but far too late, and those who resign in time to write fast-selling memoirs which suggest that Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon fought the war alone. Most clearly targeted, however, are the Gardners and the Frankels, men of taste and intelligence, but who nevertheless lost an opportunity to start a national anti-war debate and rally the forces of protest—at a time when many Americans yearned for an insider who was forthright and ethically responsible, the public official of candor and high principle.

Franck and Weisband, seeking to reverse this dangerous trend, propose an internal system of checks and balances in the executive branch. They would have a constitutional amendment requiring—in the British fashion—that the President draw his Cabinet not from the private sector but from elected members of Congress—officials who are politicians first and last. Perhaps, then, the sort of discussion that mobilizes popular opposition can develop, as in England; perhaps, then, the authors shrewdly conclude, nay-sayers will arise, Presidential policies will be openly scrutinized, the choice between career and conscience made less acute, and the results of the practice that places dissenters only on the outside, rather than within the system—thereby polarizing society—can be avoided. Their proposal does not wholly persuade, since no system, however amended, can function in a salutary manner if those in power lack wisdom, judgment, comity and a sense of responsibility before the political judgments of their contemporaries and the moral judgments of history. But the authors have at least made a start in the effort to reduce bloated Executive power, restore checks and balances, achieve a higher standard of political morality. Their book deserves a wide audience. Indeed, it could serve as a breviary for public officials. It might remind those at the centers of power of their obligations to the nation and to posterity. □

Energy in an Irrational World

THE ENERGY CRISIS: World Struggle for Power and Wealth. *By Michael Tanzer. Monthly Review Press. 171 pp. $8.95.*

WILLIAM K. TABB

Michael Tanzer has written an informed, useful and readable book that answers many of the questions readers may have had about the energy crisis: Is there a shortage? No. Is there a crisis? Yes. What kind of crisis? One which brings together a number of crucial aspects of contemporary world capitalism (Tanzer does a good job of detailing them). Who are the losers? Western Europe, Japan and the nonindustrial, resource-poor nations. What is Exxon up to? As they say, read the book. It is short. Written by a Harvard-trained economist—a leftist who has worked for Exxon's Asian-African affiliate and who now runs his own consulting firm, advising governments of underdeveloped countries on energy and related matters—*The Energy Crisis* is well timed.

Since Tanzer knows the economics of the industry, he is able to separate out the formal questions of legal title to oil from the substance of where real control lies and how power is exercised. Because he is a political economist, he is not narrow in his discussion of pricing, understanding the sometimes subtle movements in evolving OPEC consciousness and political direction, and the over-arching oil corporation strategies.

Tanzer does an excellent job of discussing the very elastic notion of energy reserves, the reliance of governments on industry data, and the way dependence upon low-cost petroleum was created in the face of obvious dangers, the existence of widespread coal reserves, and the technological possibilities of new energy sources. The history of the international oil fraternity, the jockeying of Rothschilds, Mellons, Nobels and Rockefellers, the overthrow of governments, the treaties between the giants—respected by and imposed on sovereign states in Europe, the United States and the rest of the globe—the price wars, violence, irrationalities in production, wastefulness in consumption and always the collusion of well-understood common interests, make a fascinating tableau of the world's dominant industry. Tanzer does a good job of describing how the giant oil firms competed fiercely for position but joined forces to protect their common privilege.

As for the role of government, the book abounds in juicy quotes. Typical is one from the U.S. Ambassador to Bolivia who said in the 1950s: "Since my arrival here, I have worked diligently on the project of throwing Bolivia's petroleum industry wide open to American private investment. . . ." And of course the story is retold of Kermit Roosevelt, in Rough Rider tradition, leading the Iranian tank column against the government during the CIA-sponsored coup. Tanzer has done all the necessary digging and served the facts up nicely for us. He is as at home with the events in Iran in 1901 and Venezuela in 1913 as he is with more recent activities of the oil industry. Because he bases his account of the present situation on the historical background, the changing power relations and the relation between foreign policy and corporate goals today are made very clear. The internal developments in the Middle East illuminate Tanzer's discussion of recent events and future prospects.

As Tanzer suggests, because of the size and influence of the oil industry, the question "whither the international oil industry?" is largely synonymous with "whither the international economy?" Those who seek a single source that will shed insight upon the crucial facts would do well to consult this book. It is crammed full of useful data and analysis. Tanzer's last chapter, "Energy in a Rational World," moves beyond explication and analysis, presenting several general principles that the author believes should guide resource allocation. These are sensible and humane. They measure the great distance we have to travel, and contrast all too obviously with the world of the monopoly marketplace, of capitalist irrationality. After reading *The Energy Crisis: World Struggle for Power and Wealth*, the price of allowing the profit motive to drive human destiny seems too high indeed. Because Tanzer combines fact and judgment in a convincing way, his political conclusions achieve a certain power lacking in less informed treatments of the current economic scene.

The faults of the book are more of omission than commission and have more to do with the speed at which events have been unfolding than with Dr. Tanzer's judgments. After finishing the book readers may still have a number of important questions. What about petro-dollar recycling? Arab investment plans? Divisions among OPEC nations? Alternative energy supplies? The impact of the North Sea fields, Alaska and the prospect of China as a major exporter (on a par with Iran and Saudi Arabia by 1980)? Why is Kissinger pursuing a high-cost price structure? How are energy costs and the food crisis linked? What of Operation Independence? This

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season's crop of energy crisis questions is not dealt with here. Still this work offers an invaluable background which allows the reader to make sense of the current situation. We can ask no more from our experts. But this reader at least is waiting to hear more from Michael Tanzer on the subject of international oil. □

A Grammarian of Human Relations

A WORD CHILD. *By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 391 pp. $8.95.*

LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

It is a small but noteworthy fact that upon looking up from the last page of an Iris Murdoch novel, one blinks several times, like a moviegoer emerging into the light of day, to regain one's bearings in the palpable world. Murdoch's fictional universe is, luckily, quite unlike our own—she cannot claim to be a realist in the strict sense—yet it is always a realized universe, cohesive, compelling and resilient. In almost every one of her seventeen novels, the reader is drawn in, forced to believe, by the sheer potency of the author's mind and will. This utter absorption—reader's, author's and narrator's—is the outstanding achievement of *A Word Child.*

Hilary Burde, protagonist and indeed the only fully delineated character, is a man defined by self-loathing, with ample reason. By the close, Hilary has grasped (perhaps—the novel is splendidly inconclusive) that in a world deprived of God, deprived of all external sense except the sense of individual identity, self-destruction is the cardinal sin. His life is nevertheless a paradox: by conventional standards, on the one hand, he is guilty of immoral, maybe criminal behavior, while on the other hand he is guilty of punishing himself too harshly.

Unloved, orphaned, and institutionalized at an early age, Hilary as a boy is an angry, violent delinquent. His younger sister, Crystal, is the only person he loves and values. In adolescence he is "saved" by an understanding teacher and discovers his passion for words. Languages and their grammatical structures are abstract, unshakable; unlike the rest of the world, they endure, neither inviting nor yielding to violence.

The word child becomes a prodigy, a linguist, and is at the point of making a successful career at Oxford when love and contingent bad luck combine to ruin him. Hilary "accidentally-on-purpose" smashes his car, killing his mistress, wife of the Oxford don, Gunnar Jopling, who has befriended and helped him. Shattered and resentful, Hilary imposes on himself an agonized penance for the remainder of his life. Twenty years later the man he has wronged and never since confronted reappears as the distinguished head of the government office where Hilary holds a petty desk job. The novel's subject is what Hilary will do about his humiliation, his tormenting guilt and his need for forgiveness.

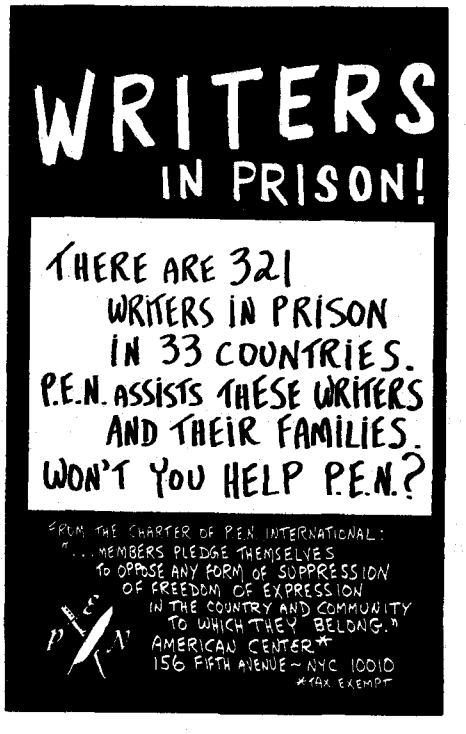
Lynne Sharon Schwartz has contributed fiction, satire, reviews and poetry to such journals as The New Republic, Aphra, Atlas *and* MS. Magazine.

WATCHING A MOVIE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE WITHOUT SUBTITLES

Cordoba, Spain

This is the way it has always been:
Someone speaks, and you know
You will never understand.
A man shoots another man
And talks as he does.
You try to translate. Could he have said,
"We are all dying loaves of bread"?
Or a woman opens her blouse,
Revealing a scar on her breast.
To the man who stares you hear her say,
"Yes, yes, there are rivers in the moon. Jelly."
For years now, you have starred
In your own foreign movie.
Once, at breakfast,
When the sun through the terrace window
Was a director's dream,
Your wife said, "You know, I love you."
It was the strangest language you had ever heard;
You passed her the salt.
Or your children run to the door to greet you,
Chanting, "Daddy's home! Daddy's home!"
Your eyes fill with tears,
Surely out of frustration:
When will they learn to speak
The tongue of men?
So you eat popcorn, heavily buttered,
And watch the inexplicable goings-on:
A car hurtles off a cliff;
The sun rises.
Leaving the theatre, someone bumps into you.
He says, "Savages have eaten the moon."
You say, "You're welcome,"
And smile. It is always good
To meet someone from home.

Philip Dacey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Predictably, he does the worst possible thing. While struggling, in a series of awkward, wrenching meetings, to achieve a tenuous reconciliation with Gunnar, Hilary manages to fall in love with Gunnar's second wife, Lady Kitty, a rather mysterious woman of ambiguous intentions. They meet in secret, ostensibly to find ways to relieve Gunnar's lasting anguish over the loss and betrayal. They are discovered. Once more by accident, Hilary virtually repeats his original crime, and once more he is left shattered. Only this time, older and wiser, that is, more prone to blame chance than himself, he may suffer a different, less flagellating guilt, a guilt not so easily articulated in words.

Murdoch has returned, in *A Word Child*, to the first-person narrative of her earliest novel, *Under the Net*, and she reaps both the rewards and the disadvantages of this mode that James so sternly warned against (though did not disdain to use). The chief benefit is concentrated intensity: Hilary lives—we can see, hear and smell him. (He does not look or smell good. Yet many people, men and women, love him. He has the appeal of the stubborn, recalcitrant slob. He grows on people, even on the reader.) While the plot, mercifully, is less complex than in most of Murdoch's novels, there is an unparalleled distillation of theme. Through Hilary, *A Word Child* becomes an adventurous study of guilt (the original sin of being who we are), remorse, and the chances of redemption, with each person his own redeemer.

The drawbacks of the first-person narrative are twofold. First, the danger of suffocating the reader. When the consciousness of the narrator is deliberately warped, limited, and solipsistic, we find ourselves with the uncomfortable feeling of thrashing about in a dark closet with a dubious companion (a situation actually depicted in Murdoch's *The Time of the Angels*). Hilary's London apartment, where we spend a good deal of time, is, like his life, shabby, bare and confining; significantly, it is located in a cul-de-sac. He also passes numberless hours mulling things over on the Underground, everyman's modern vision of Hell, excellently rendered. Like Dostoevsky's wretched character, he considers himself an Underground Man. The atmosphere is close, to say the least, and exacerbated by Hilary's tireless (fascinating) analyses of his misery. Naturally this closeness is the source of the novel's strength; at the same time it makes us cry out for fresh air, or a fresh viewpoint.

Secondly, the reality of the surrounding characters is sacrificed in some degree to Hilary's intensity. The others, especially the women, are pale and indistinct. (Two memorably drawn characters are exceptions, though: Gunnar, Hilary's massive antagonist, and Arthur Fisch, the bumbling, saintly-simple man who regularly appears in Murdoch's novels, and in this one wants to marry Hilary's saintly-simple sister.)

The paleness may be unavoidable. In a 1963 *Partisan Review* interview with Frank Kermode, Murdoch remarked that despite the effort to create independent characters, "it often turns out in the end that something about the structure of the work itself, the myth as it were of the work, has drawn all these people into a sort of spiral, or into a kind of form which ultimately is the form of one's own mind." Oddly enough this is precisely what Hilary does with the people in his life. He attempts to order his friends and his days into the kind of strict system he loves in grammar. Each is assigned an unvarying day of the week for dinner, as well as a specific role—serious conversation (Clifford, a caustic homosexual), mild entertainment (Freddie and Laura Impiatt, a caricatured upper-middle-class couple), sex (Thomasina, a lively Scot who squanders love on the unreceptive Hilary), and so on. Crystal, with whom he can let his hair down, occasionally gets Wednesdays *and* Saturdays. As if to confirm his admitted solipsism, many of these peripheral figures can be seen as aspects of Hilary magnified, recalling the way Eliot's "magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen." As a matter of fact Eliot, another word child, is a poet Hilary quotes often and with affection.

The rigid life is not only penance but protection as well, against chaos, empty time, and the unpredictable impulses of the self. The novel shows the breakdown of the system: people turn up on unexpected days, they refuse—sometimes comically—to enact the roles assigned them, and Hilary's dangerous impulses do come forth and insist on playing themselves out.

Underlying the psychological flights of *A Word Child* is a serious inquiry into the old issue of class. Being the illegitimate son of a prostitute is, even before the car crash, Hilary's guilty burden. A self-styled "prole," he moves uncomfortably among his well-to-do friends like a hippopotamus in the company of deer. Surely class envy is one of the several reasons why he twice falls in love with the wife of the man who has everything he cannot attain.

Often he sees himself in terms of myth: Peter Pan, the "sinister boy," is a recurrent motif; Hilary, too, is fixated in boyhood,

GLASS

In the land of glass
where everything is clear,
nothing is clear.

The glass roses chime in the sun there,
and the cabbage opens invisible circles,
bell within bell,

to the morning light.
The glass houses are hollow, wide,
whispers across still valleys,

and the shapes that move unknown from room to room
are shapes of the rainbow of animals:
the enigma of the giraffe

dazzles the walls;
the swan's feathers erase each other
over and over,

clashing like snowfalls;
the tongues of the snake
are glittering keys unlocking the floor.

There, my love, is
the land we are traveling toward.
There we too will be tough as shells,

no densities will harm us,
not the thickness of skin, not the softness of clothes.
And yet the sun and the moon

will see right through us,
and we'll no longer even try
to understand ourselves.

Sandra M. Gilbert

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with no emotional growth for twenty years. And when summoned by Lady Kitty to do her bidding he feels himself "a knight with a quest." Later on when Kitty (straining our credibility) asks him to make retribution to Gunnar—who is sterile—by giving her a child, he fancies that husband and wife may be in league to test or destroy him, evoking shades of the beleaguered Sir Gawain. These illusions evaporate, though, and in the end Hilary must accept himself, in all his unappealing totality.

This result may appear too fashionably psychotherapeutic, yet it does stem logically from Murdoch's philosophical roots. The author of a book on Sartre, in *A Word Child* she dramatizes the existential view; the novel is an investigation of Hilary's successive states of feeling as events spin around him. These states are all contradictory, mutually exclusive, yet valid as long as they last, merely by virtue of their existence.

Murdoch has been accused of a sensationalism not arising organically from her situations, of an "endlessly ramifying fancy" rather than focused imagination, and she herself has spoken of the novelist's temptation to succumb to myth and symbol. In *A Word Child* she has avoided these lures and grounded her novel firmly in consciousness and feeling. She has also relied less on the stock characters who frequently seem only to change their names to make a new appearance in a new book. Her recent novels, notably *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine, A Fairly Honourable Defeat* and *Bruno's Dream*, have all shown a steady increase in density and texture, and less of the schematic patterning of the early books. Yet critics still fret, with some justification, that she is going over the same ground, even playing frivolous games. (There is an element of the frivolous in Murdoch, but it is certainly not in her approach to writing.) If a preoccupation with good and evil, identity, the sources of love, and the fluctuations of feeling and sexual attraction means being repetitious, then she is repetitious as Dostoevsky, Balzac, George Eliot and Austen before her were repetitious. In *A Word Child* she has chosen to treat of perennially important matters, and conjured up a rich, unsettling fantasy. □

The Lands We Have Underdeveloped

AFRICA EMERGENT: Africa's Problems Since Independence. *By John Hatch. Henry Regnery Co. 233 pp. $10. Paper $3.95.*

PETER DREYER

The subtitle of John Hatch's new book expresses the scope of its concerns—and of these he is exceptionally qualified to speak. For many years he has been a sympathetic observer of African affairs. On his extensive travels throughout the continent, mostly by road, he has endeavored to meet the ordinary citizens of the new nations in their villages and shantytowns, as well as the elites who rule them. Many African leaders have been his friends and, sometimes, pupils. He and his works are, needless to say, banned in Rhodesia and South Africa.

The problems in question, he contends, are at bottom economic. "African Presidents and ministers could decide in their Cabinets to build more schools, hospitals or roads; what they could not do was to determine how national income was to be increased to meet these needs. That depended on investment decisions of boards in London, Paris, New York or Brussels, or on the world price of commodities like copper, coffee or cocoa, equally controlled from abroad." The solutions attempted are, of necessity, political. The past few decades have seen a wide range of experiments in government, from Julius Nyerere's "African Socialism" in Tanzania on the one hand, to the "model" capitalist state created under French sponsorship by Félix Houphouet-Boigny in the Ivory Coast on the other. But for the most part, "Instead of national prosperity, anticipated from the collective national efforts released by independence, stagnation in the countryside, massive unemployment in the towns and ostentatious luxury for a tiny minority became the general experience. Detention without trial, public executions, inter-communal massacres, commonly succeeded the colonial authoritarianism against which nationalists had inveighed."

In 1955 the author visited Sir Charles Arden-Clarke, then Governor of the Gold Coast (Ghana), and an enlightened administrator, in Christiansborg Castle. Arden-Clarke was at the time working closely with Kwame Nkrumah preparing for independence—which was to come two years later. Pointing to the portraits of his predecessors in office, he told Hatch, "These are the men I blame for our present troubles!" But historical wrongs can only be compensated, never righted. The bully-boys and advocates of colonialism are dead. Meanwhile, the African states find themselves hag-ridden by an entirely new menace: army takeover. "Towards the end of the 1960s and into the 1970s, every African crisis brought the probability of military intervention," the author says.

Mr. Hatch holds to the view that "underdevelopment" and Western influence are two sides of the same coin. But this is, I think, an oversimplification. By and large the West grew rich by exploiting its own people and resources in novel ways. Undoubtedly individual Western entrepreneurs did enrich themselves by appropriating colonial treasures; and colonial wars were a defense of their interests. In the long run, however, it can be argued that the colonies drained resources, human and material, from their European owners. Defense of imperial interests against European (and Japanese) predators, coupled with liberal sentiment in the metropolitan countries, was what ultimately brought about the collapse of the colonial system. Empire was an ideology, which proved in the end prohibitively costly, while the rise of liberal values in Europe—particularly in Britain—undermined its moral foundations. Without these factors the independence movements would have had no chance. In its youth imperialism easily crushed far more vigorous opposition.

Peter Dreyer is a South African writer, the author of a novel, A Beast in View, *and an autobiography,* The Future of Treason. *His biography of Luther Burbank,* A Gardener Touched with Genius, *is being published this fall by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.*

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But the author is pessimistic about "civilization" as we know it, believing that, "Despite the cries of those who foresee the exhaustion of resources, the poisoning of the environment, dementia in the cities and a modern socio-economic enslavement for mankind, the consumer society has no power to halt its mad gyration. It seems virtually certain that this is the final death-whirl of white technological society. . . . The chances are that in destroying itself the industrialized world will also drag the developing world into a common grave." So I have thought too, in darker moments, and the case is arguable. But the chances are that this scenario is a form of liberal paranoia, induced by prolonged exposure to the consequences of greed and stupidity.

Hatch does think, incidentally, that there is some faint hope that in Africa "a new start may be made by our descendants to build an alternative civilization as mankind's technological experiment begins to collapse." *Africa Emergent* is dedicated to Julius Nyerere and Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, two of the outstanding leaders in the struggle to create a modern African society free of the ills bequeathed by the old order.

For my part I find a little disturbing his readiness to accept that, "such principles as equality of representation, freedom of speech or assembly, and equality before the law . . . had little relevance to the Africa of the 1960s"—and the presumption of continued "irrelevance." Parliamentary democracy, he would have it, is a system which has had small success outside the Anglo-Saxon world; but this ignores the fact that democracy as we know it today is a very recent experiment, which was not effectively tried anywhere prior to the present century, inasmuch as until then women, half the adult population at least, were not enfranchised, even in Britain and America, and numerous other groups were also excluded from representation. It is my belief that all such exclusions drastically weaken democratic possibilities, and that democracies everywhere are too new to be properly judged. In any case, from a human point of view, there can surely be no doubt in Hatch's mind that democracy is as desirable for Africans as it is for Europeans. Authoritarian states may occasionally produce Nyereres; but they are as likely to throw up Idi Amins. In Africa, as elsewhere, the sooner such "irrelevancies" as equality of representation, freedom of speech and assembly, and equality before the law are achieved, the better it will be for all concerned. □

Portrait of a Jurist as Complex

FROM THE DIARIES OF FELIX FRANKFURTER. *With a Biographical Essay and Notes by Joseph P. Lash. W.W. Norton & Co. 366 pp. $12.50.*

ROGER K. NEWMAN

"I have always rebelled against diaries as expressive of dull and rather petty spirits," wrote the youthful Felix Frankfurter in 1911. "There is something dwarfing about the thought of daily bookkeeping of the daily routine. . . . Yet . . . I am fortunate enough to meet men of rare spirit, of vaulting vision and fine deeds. . . .So I will [set] down, from time to time, as often as the spirit moves desire and the will is strong enough to give it expression, things that seem worth while. . . ." Sporadically over the next forty years Frankfurter recorded his views of the varied activities in which he participated. The result is a fascinating and absorbing diary from a unique vantage point, dealing with many matters of the first half of this tumultuous century of American life.

But Frankfurter continued to doubt the value of diaries. They were of a "treacherous character." "One of these days, perhaps when I have reached the century," he mused, "I will write a little piece on the unreliability of diaries in general. . . ." That Frankfurter, whose diary started in 1911, would make such a statement in 1954 illustrates the dualism in his character. Nowhere has this character been better analyzed than in Joseph P. Lash's biographical essay in this volume. In reducing a long life of enormous scope to relatively small compass, it is likely not to be equaled. Indeed, I think it doubtful that a better picture of the bewilderingly complex creature that was Felix Frankfurter can be drawn.

Frankfurter's life and personality were full of contradictions. Let us examine some. He strove above all else for reason in his judicial opinions. Yet he was admittedly a romantic. The Vienna-born immigrant whom one would expect to cherish American values also became an ardent Anglophile; he never tired of saying "the English are a mature and civilized people." The judge who welcomed a "vigorous stream of criticism however blunt" once asked his publisher to try not to have his book reviewed by certain individuals who for diverse reasons did not appeal to him. And still this is a man who, when a controversial scholar with whose views he most vehemently disagreed was running short of research funds, offered to use his influence with foundations so that the scholar's labors would not cease. One wonders how these antithetical characteristics could exist within the same person.

Part of the answer, I believe, lies in the fact that Felix Frankfurter spent a good portion of his life searching for roots and yet, when he found them, could not rid himself of some of the qualities of his formative years. As he grew older he became increasingly friendly with the elite. Their pedigree, their views and, most of all, their praise meant much to him. Witness his relationship with Henry Stimson, the aristocratic father figure so significant in Frankfurter's life. Likewise, in Franklin Roosevelt, Frankfurter found the aristocratic political figure with the requisite, indeed, unparalleled, political skills for leading the nation. Leadership was especially important to Frankfurter. That is not surprising, for he was young during the heyday of the Progressive era. He had a Progressive's unbounded faith in "The Promise of American Life," to use Herbert Croly's phrase, but that promise could be fulfilled only if the populace were educated and were led by forceful political leaders. Just as he needed strong, self-assured personalities whom he could admire, so the childless Frankfurter adopted some of his students and, later, his law clerks to satisfy his paternal streak. "He loved his protégés," said the wife of one, "but he also owned them."

The same characteristics were carried over in his relationships with his colleagues on the Supreme Court. His conduct there was really an extension of his career at the Harvard Law School, of which he always spoke with reverence. Frankfurter was one of the great teachers of his era, and he thought at first that he could treat his brethren on the bench with the same mixture of sarcasm, cynicism, disdain, inspirational prodding and respect that he displayed to his Harvard students and fellow faculty members. These traits contributed

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to his lack of influence on the Court.

Indeed, Frankfurter never filled the position which rightly should have been his. Few escaped his wrath. He lectured his colleagues and harassed counsel as if they were students in his Harvard seminars. His at times explosive temper did not help persuade his fellow Justices. Neither did his barrage of badgering and needling letters. Nor his habit of talking behind others' backs. And all of this is above and beyond the fact that his thinking was out of tune with the times. He was emotionally and intellectually bound to the years before his accession to the Court. Little wonder that scarcely one of his major opinions is now recognized as the law of the land.

He took the doctrine of judicial self-restraint to such extremes that sometimes it seemed he denied the Supreme Court any power at all. The reasoning which he pursued so avidly tended to become circular. The great freedoms of the Bill of Rights bequeathed by the founding fathers were to him admonitory provisions. He disregarded the unqualified nature of the text of the First Amendment, viewing it as on a par with the others, to be "balanced" against a countervailing, necessarily vague "public interest." Frankfurter gave insufficient attention to the obvious fact that the greatest public interest is freedom—to pursue within the bounds of civility whatever ends one wishes—and that from it other rights necessarily follow.

Because this did not occur to him—at least in his judicial opinions—he suffered great public humiliation when his 1940 flag-salute ruling was overturned in less than three years. This was a turning point in his career. He did not heed Alfred North Whitehead's wise words, uttered when Frankfurter left Harvard to ascend to the bench: "We must have order. But Felix . . . not too much order." As long as Frankfurter stayed on the Court, fundamental freedoms were that much more in jeopardy. Here was a man who had the capacity to accomplish so much and ended by accomplishing so little. Therein lies the ultimate sadness of Felix Frankfurter.

Frankfurter appears to have glossed over his self-doubts with a thick but superficial self-confidence. The lack of inner direction remained. He was a man torn between scholarship and activism, between backstage influence (during the New Deal he was, in effect, the senior partner in a government employment agency) and public laudation, between the views of his twin idols and judicial exemplars—Holmes and Brandeis. Crucial to Frankfurter's historical standing, however, was that he was blind to their divergences, which cannot ultimately be reconciled. And wishing to follow their lead, he hoped to cloak his judgments with the mantle of their authority. But they were addressing different issues in a different era.

Friends and contemporaries by the score have testified to his genius for friendship: his personal and intellectual effervescence —"romantic temperaments are notoriously restless," he once observed—which continually set off fireworks equaling those of the Fourth of July, his passionate nature and the prodigality of his lavish praise of anyone he liked. "Wasn't he good! Yes, good!" he would exclaim while holding a friend with a vise-like grip on the arm. This is the man so many remember.

Anyone interested in Felix Frankfurter, law, public affairs or the United States during the first half of this century, would do well to read this book, and Lash's splendid essay in it. In the diaries themselves, he will see, as Stimson put it, Frankfurter's "unimaginable gift of wiggling in wherever he wants," and also his unrivaled ability for intrigue and for destroying those he happened not to like. Then he may choose to ponder the conclusion of Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr.: "FF was *not* a great man, nor a great judge; but he was a great personality. Often the electricity of his temperament caused others to act at their best; occasionally at their worst. He was a better friend when one was in need . . . than when one had wide support. . . . FF was not a humble man; but he made contributions to the country, to the Court, and to his companions of which he had a right to be proud." □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Sidney Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon* is a picture that, for all its high comedy, social irony and bizarre excitement, does not quite accomplish what it set out to do. I was entertained but somewhat less than satisfied, and I hope I can say that and still convey the idea that I think well of the film. Movie reviews today are too often rating services, and readers look for four-star banquets, forgetting that a one-star Michelin restaurant serves better food than they often eat.

The film is based on the magazine account of a one-day sensation that occurred in Brooklyn a few years ago—an attempted bank robbery that mobilized a large section of the New York police, agents of the FBI and the TV networks for fourteen hours of a hot summer afternoon and evening. The inventor of this ill-starred venture, as Lumet tells the story, is a young Brooklynite named Sonny (Al Pacino), whose most memorable characteristics are that he is singularly unfitted mentally and emotionally to rob a bank and that he is a homosexual. He has taken this desperate way of raising money in order to finance a sex-change operation for his friend, at the moment recovering in the Bellevue psychiatric ward from an attempt at suicide. Sonny is also burdened with a very small but very possessive mother and with a wife and two small children. His companion in crime is Sal (John Cazale), an ex-convict whose intelligence and powers of self-control are alike unimpressive; he speaks with feeling of the human body as a sacred vessel of the Lord, but no one—least of all Sonny—knows what use he will make of an automatic rifle if his own vessel is seriously threatened.

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Poems by Raphael Rudnik

THE WINDOW CLEANER

The window cleaner is on the wide, dirty ledge
again, laughingly
asking my wife to give him a hand—
pull him in, or pull her out?
It's like a question in a dream.

He swaggered up that frightening ladder,
smiling at the sky like a handsome barracuda. . .
as if he would be feeling even better
walking on heaven's ceiling—
hardmouthed, stupid, cruel, and unnecessary.

At the sight of a pretty woman,
he has those permanently wounded eyes
which are more troubling than one can see or say.
He starts to work, I get a severed-head effect, wobbling
and blurring as he washes the worsening atmosphere away. Then,

the tensed, hurdling muscle of his whole body leans backward,
from the ladder; hands holding pail and blade, the arms go out
like a balcony, embracing air; feet, balancing, step down;
and, out of his face—
pours the brightness which is vigor which is beauty in a man.

THANKS TO A PAINTER

Where cement glittering like sea spanned
its stone arm across the river
you stood
behind the blank-backed square—arm rounded, hand
outreaching its grasp with brush and color.

We walked through all the colors you had seen,
we went inside the scene you painted. "Our life—"
she, I,
blindly agreed. A gull, flew—almost unseen.
Sober, solitary, sounds of city-life.

As we came up the bridge you did not stop
looking at us with lost, good-crazed green eyes.
A streak
of red or a scar on your cheek. "Make-up
of the gods" she called it. We turned out eyes

walking faster, almost shying right
past you and the world we'd said was ours.
But, no—
both had to look. "Oh!"—I heard her fright,
whispered. "Rigid, distorted. It devours!"

I thought. Objects, without life—fight. No style.
The only attribute was space. But just
before
we had gone by, a little crooked smile
at the side of your eye, I knew I must

see: A river going, through banks like shores.

GHOSTS

That man crawled halfway up our bed
In sleep, after he knocked on the door,
At night in a little house by the sea,
Telling us he had seen ghosts on the road
That came close to our door—crying he, we
Would die—terrifying, drifting pallor
To the bed he dropped his hollow load,
Like the sea falling big, cold, dead. . . .

BEAUTY

Rich rare redness of the hurt fox, then pride
(So great a bounty is set on his hide) cleverly fears.
Frail architecture of bone performing inside
Thousand-eyed feathers when peacocks preen and stalk and strut.
Beauty desires (any strange, unaccustomed grace)

Such things, and her own—amazed, made fire-clear—
Face
Rising, shattering the
Shut
Brute blue beast sea.

END

Earth spinning in toy-like complacency, stopped. Bright ball
Hit by a dark tangent. Hurtling off, everything—all
Gleams striking into, shuddering through space. Things,
And natural things, the animals, man and woman, time. Grandeur
Of splendor of disaster shaken free
From gravity. This was the end we all had to fear. Blind,
Rehearsing catastrophes in the cave of the mind.
Discovering silken light in our towers of flesh. Falling
Radiant and singular, attending each other,
Like white ghosts of the sea breaking, making land a body.

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Sonny is very bright, but sadly ill-organized, and for a bank robber hopelessly disinclined to make a nuisance of himself. The crime—conceived as one of those elegant, split-second capers—starts to fall apart at the very beginning and one senses that Sonny would be glad to call the whole thing off (especially when he discovers that there is very little cash in the bank that afternoon). But his somewhat boisterous activity in and around the tellers' counters has been noticed by people of the neighborhood and by now cops are deployed in solid ranks all up and down the street and on advantageous roofs; the cameras are poised and citizens of Brooklyn by the thousands have gathered to be entertained.

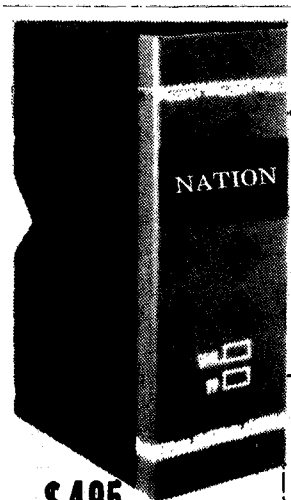
The police have brought to bear enough fire power to repel a military invasion, but cannot use it because Sonny and Sal have detained the bank manager, an elderly guard and eight or ten female tellers, cashiers, typists and clerks. Negotiations begin: Sonny steps outside from time to time to talk with the officer in charge, demanding at each appearance that the hundreds of guns pointed at him be put out of sight. This earns him the cheers of the crowd, which he greatly enjoys—and which turn to cruel catcalls when the running broadcast carries the news of his homosexuality.

Meanwhile, the bank takes on the atmosphere of a community besieged, with Sonny and Sal gradually becoming part of that community. The women try to clean up Sonny's language, which is rather overburdened with the two most common four-letter words even for a Brooklyn boy under considerable stress. And Sonny worries about the comfort and health of his charges, calling for a doctor when the manager needs an insulin injection and sending out for pizzas and soda pop when the group gets hungry. The robbery is soon forgotten; they are all suffering from the same fatigue and they all have the same goal, which is to get out of the predicament with their skins intact. In this long central part of the picture the interest gradually shifts from cops and robbers to the human relationships within the bank, and these are all tied in one way or another to the basic enigma of Sonny. He is obviously a charming, quick-witted, sassy-tongued city boy (after all, Pacino is playing him to the hilt and with evident delight) who, for all his ghoulish threats to throw a succession of corpses out into the street, is certainly going to hurt no one (unfortunately, the cops don't know him as well as do his charges, and no one has a clue to what the taciturn Sal is thinking). But the difficulty here is that as one gets to know Sonny as more than a mannequin in a thriller, one wants to know him much more thoroughly; melodramatic thrills no longer seem to be the point of the film. What does he really feel for his hysterical friend in Bellevue; is he a decent husband and father; what does he do when he isn't robbing banks (he says he works in one, but Sonny isn't always truthful)? How, since he doesn't seem to suffer from megalomania, did he get the idea that he was up to armed robbery—what pushed him over the edge from an unconventional double life to a nutty project like that? You can think of a number of possible answers to these questions, but the film touches on them only superficially, and then with clichés and sentimentality. There is a real Sonny, serving time somewhere, and some effort might have been made to find out what made him tick so erratically. But perhaps Lumet had neither the time nor the energy, within the framework of his pseudo-documentary thriller, to give his hero more than an immediate presence as a human being. It is exceedingly difficult to work psychological insights into the hugger-mugger of melodrama, and we must not complain too much if a good, fast-action picture fails to meet the standards set by Dostoevsky. Still, Lumet does suggest, increasingly as the story proceeds, that an engrossing study of human complexity lies just beneath the grotesque adventure, but he never gets around to displaying it.

Instead, Sonny recalls that fellows in his fix have sometimes traded hostages for a jet plane and safe passage to some country where the international laws of extradition are not observed. He proposes this expedient; the police jump at it; the FBI takes over, and the last section of the picture is an engrossing account of the arrival of an airlines limousine, the emergence of the hostages, walking awkwardly as a human wall around Sonny and Sal, a tense trip to Kennedy Airport, photographed from a low-flying helicopter, the appearance out of the night of the great jet and the last-minute double cross of the FBI.

By this time, one's allegiance is entirely to Sonny, and the final moments come as a scene of blackest treachery. Lumet's attitude toward the forces of law and order is interesting. He is amused at the spectacle of the regular police baffled by a crazy kid who waves a white handkerchief of truce while prancing up and down the sidewalk hurling insults at them. The law is present in such ludicrous numbers that even their chief can't keep track of them all, and one group, zealous for glory, almost sets Sonny and Sal to blazing away at their new friends in the bank. Still and all, Lumet seems to say, the cops of New York are a decent bunch of average Joes.

But toward the FBI he shows cold hatred. He represents them as emotionless straight arrows, prudish, self-righteous, beautifully tailored robots with death in their eyes. The fact is that, if we are to believe this account, they did free the hostages and without giving Sonny a transoceanic jet for his personal convenience. They also killed Sal, but, though I can't prove that that was necessary, I would not, from what I saw of him, have recommended trying to take him alive out of a crowd of innocent people. It isn't often that I feel impelled to defend the Bureau, but that's because, in my opinion, it is not good enough at discouraging armed robbery and much too ready to break the law in pursuit of mythical threats to the national security. Does Lumet seriously think that the FBI should have kept its word to Sonny? If that became general practice, we might soon run out of jets. But see the picture—it is less than perfect, but for the most part it is astonishingly good. □



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ART / Lawrence Alloway

The Richard Tuttle exhibition at the Whitney Museum (until November 16) calls to mind the best exhibition that James Monte and Marcia Tucker ever presented there—"Anti-Illusion: Procedures-Materials" (1969). In that earlier show, instead of pre-existing works of art being assembled for the show, the artists worked *in situ*. In the case of the Tuttle show, arranged by Marcia Tucker, many of the works were already in existence, but the artist's presence was necessary to install them. That was not because they are complicated but because they function as accents within existing spaces and only the artist can determine their location. The catalogue of "Anti-Illusion" obviously could not include works that did not exist at press time, but it presented a rationale for the then new work procedures that were the subject of the exhibition. As yet, there is no catalogue for the Tuttle show; it is being written now by the curator, who felt she had to see what Tuttle made of the second floor of the museum before writing.

We are faced then with an art in singular correspondence with its environment. It is an interesting and legitimate way to work; the sculpture of Cecile Abish, for instance, consists of sets of separate elements which exist as art only when assembled by the artist. The rest of the time they are a heap of hardware. As she says, "the surfaces upon which I work do not belong to me. The surfaces are the property of institutions, galleries and individuals. When finished, the sculpture I build cannot be separated from the surface." One of her large floor pieces, recently at the Michael Walls Gallery, demonstrated that the practice of art as a form of temporary possession of space has no inherent limitations. Abish points out that the zone occupied by her sculpture had another name before her occupancy: "it is called the floor or the ground."

If a museum is sufficiently interested in an artist to decide to give him a large exhibition it must be on the basis of a knowledge of his past work. And if that is the case the knowledge of the earlier occasions of Tuttle's art should provide sufficient material for an account of his method of work and a record of what he has done up to now. Of course, the curator's experience will always be enlarged by contemplating the show she or he has arranged, but then you write an article sharing the gained insights. To withhold the catalogue from the exhibition's visitors is an abrogation of the museum's educational responsibilities. Is it really so difficult to state what Tuttle is doing? Lacking a catalogue, the Whitney offers a 3-page duplicated handout in which Tucker says that Tuttle's work "is 'felt' rather than 'understood' "—which is, to say the least, an old-hat argument. I find it hard to believe that Tuttle sets aesthetic problems greater, subtler, or more elusive than those raised by other artists.

Let us assume that Tuttle is no more inexplicable than many other artists and note that in the mid-1960s he made one-color wooden reliefs influenced by Ellsworth Kelly's paintings. "Yellow Dancer" (1965), for instance, a skewed horseshoe form, is clearly from Kelly but with a roughly crafted look. Other pieces of this period are "Shadow" and "Ash Wednesday." The unassuming workmanship is not there to hide the debt to Kelly's immaculate handling; it is simply characteristic of all his work. He projects a kind of candor by avoiding high finish or complex forms. The other influence is Agnes Martin, who is certainly the model for his assumption that humble objects can generate rapturous thought. Martin's mysticism appears in Tuttle's art as a hazy bond between aestheticism and contemplation.

It appears to have been in 1967 that he began his cloth pieces, but in the absence of a catalogue I am not sure. These are pieces of cloth, dyed one color, deeply creased, and pinned to the wall. These are to my eye his best pieces: tactful in color and agreeably varied in contour because the angles and sides of the figures are tousled. The casual touch of the reliefs hardens here into something a little rougher: the octagon resembles a skin, even if it is that of chamois. Now if I am right and these are his best works, what do they reveal about the artist? They show somebody with a gift for making sensuous objects, someone with an eye for the animation caused by irregularities of form, and a sense of pretty color. In short, Tuttle is an artist of good taste and though that is conventionally said to be hard to verbalize, it is not what Tucker has in mind.

The engaging humbleness of the cloth octagons turned into an art of low visibility and high environmental pretension. As Tuttle's work shrank, its scope was expected to expand. In the present show, there are paper octagons of 1969, similar in color to but different in texture from the walls they are pasted on. There are wire pieces from 1972, in which a real wire, bent, is stuck into the wall and a pencil line drawn from the points of attachment. These, combined with the shadows cast by the wire, create a crabbed little nest of two- and three-dimensional lines. And there are wood pieces of last year: in each of these a thin slat projects a short distance up the wall. All these little works occupy large empty spaces. It is clear that these piquant accents are intended to resonate, to take possession of what, to adapt Abish's terms, had been walls. But Tuttle overestimates the efficacy of the small and his pieces stay tiny and the surrounding walls inert. A common experience at the Whitney is to look at the objects and the spaces they are supposed to enliven and to note how poorly the white walls are being maintained. One sees the Whitney's pimples rather than the pure flame of Tuttle. The spaces he enters are not transformed. Tuttle's development, then, has taken him away from his feeling for chunky but tactful objects bearing signs of a craft that connoted naïveté and toward infiltration of the environment. However, his main way of doing this is by placement, by, that is to say, the distribution of accents and emphases in existing spaces. It is like flower arrangement.

The artist will make two installation changes during the run of the exhibition—on October 7 and November 4. That is another reason Tucker gives for writing the catalogue after the show rather than for the show's visitors. It occurs to me that there is a possible tactical advantage here, inasmuch as the post-show catalogue enables a curator to answer criticism. At least, one hopes so. □

TAILOR

I predict nothing
but happiness in this shop.
Here, let me mark your sleeve
on this parchment
once a priest of Bhutan.

Did you say a rose in the lapel?
Here, mark your wish
by the side of this figment.
Remember, a rose by any other means
brings sorrow, loneliness.

Leaving already?
Don't forget to fill these blanks
where your body's been,
take pains to spell
so long, tomorrow. . . .

This coat will last forever,
I guarantee
by the thread of my dream,
by this needle of hair,
by this mouthful of yarn. . . .

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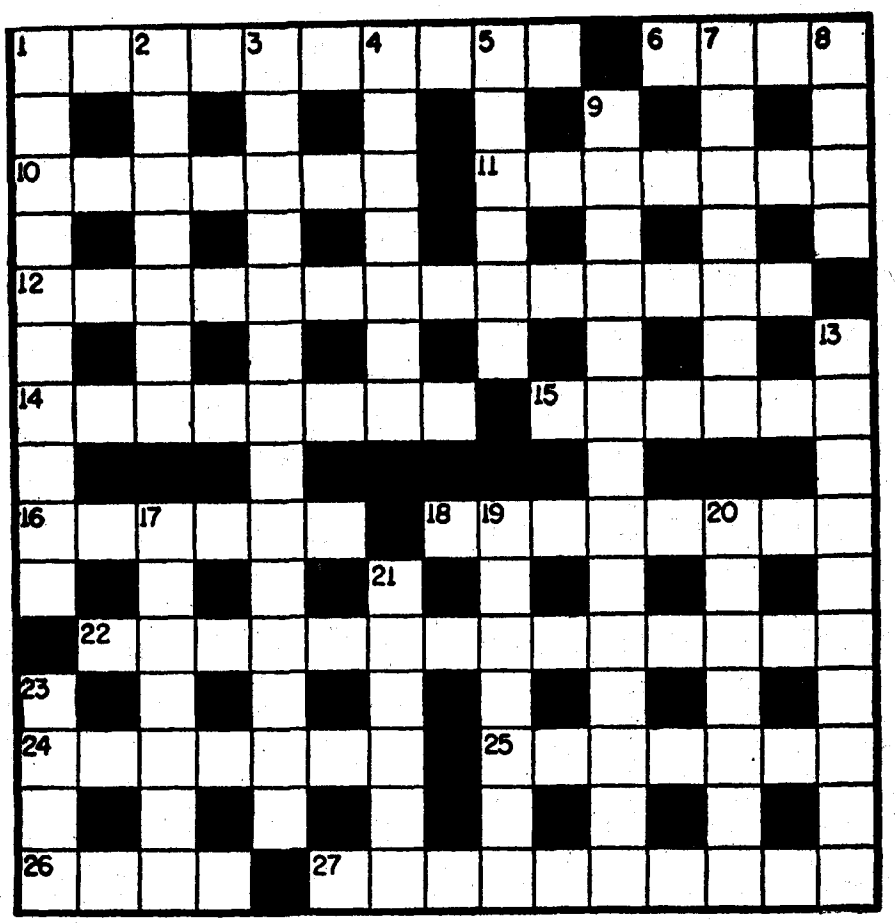
Crossword Puzzle No. 1602

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 15 across
6 Certainly not found on a king of the Mercians! (4)
10 What one might be expected to start in, and yet run late, possibly. (7)
11 He was in the vanguard of many French movements. (7)
12 and 8 down Implies some pretty low eavesdropping would make a rather tight case. (2,4,2,1,3,2,1,3)
14 What's July 4th? That's what many say on setting up a meeting. (3,1,4)
15 and 1 across One would hardly be 12-8, even in play. (3,2,1,3,3,4)
16 The big exhibition called off wasn't cricket. (2,4)
18 Certain to be a print? (8)
22 Possibly the sequel to "Address Unknown." (6,2,6)
24 Evidently avoids a problem of chess we devised. (7)
25 A state, by the French educational standards. (7)
26 The Bay of Fundy should be neat! (4)
27 For openers, they shouldn't present a problem. (Pop's life may depend on them!) (6,4)

DOWN

1 Eliza was mistaken for one of them. (10)
2 Is the USSR set to produce such supports? (7)
3 When someone quotes like this, zeros would appropriately be involved. (2,5,7)
4 Leaning? Learn it the hard way! (7)
5 See 23 down
7 In Africa, well-known miler of a sort—with a different movement. (7)
8 See 12 across
9 Commonly objective, though Zola didn't confine his grammatical construction to it. (10,4)
13 Those who dislike chocolates perhaps can't, but they're superficially used by many women. (4,6)
17 Would one feel sheepish to be so taken in? (7)
19 With the road not torn up, such things stink! (7)
20 Unionized three before 25? (7)
21 He composed the changing scene, and nothing more. (6)
23 and 5 down Maybe Cassius' understanding—though his followers might trust he hasn't. (4,2,4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1601

ACROSS: 1 Recording angel; 9 Undress; 10 Amiable; 11 Hovels; 12 Tightwad; 14 Rush out; 15 Rodeo; 17 and 23 Times Square; 19 Tirades; 21 Half fare; 25 Pierced; 26 Realist; 27 Stroke of genius. DOWN: 1 Roughcast; 2 Cadaver; 3 Reenlists; 4 and 22 Ipso facto; 5 Gladiators; 6 Neigh; 7 Elbowed; 8 Bead; 13 Footbridge; 15 Red Square; 16 Operettas; 18 Mildest; 20 Swahili; 21 Hops; 24 Graf.

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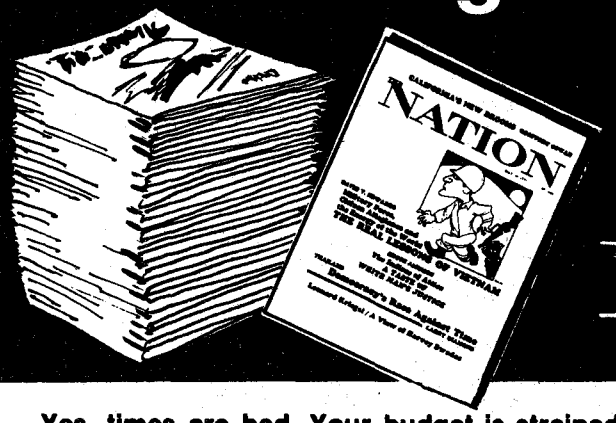

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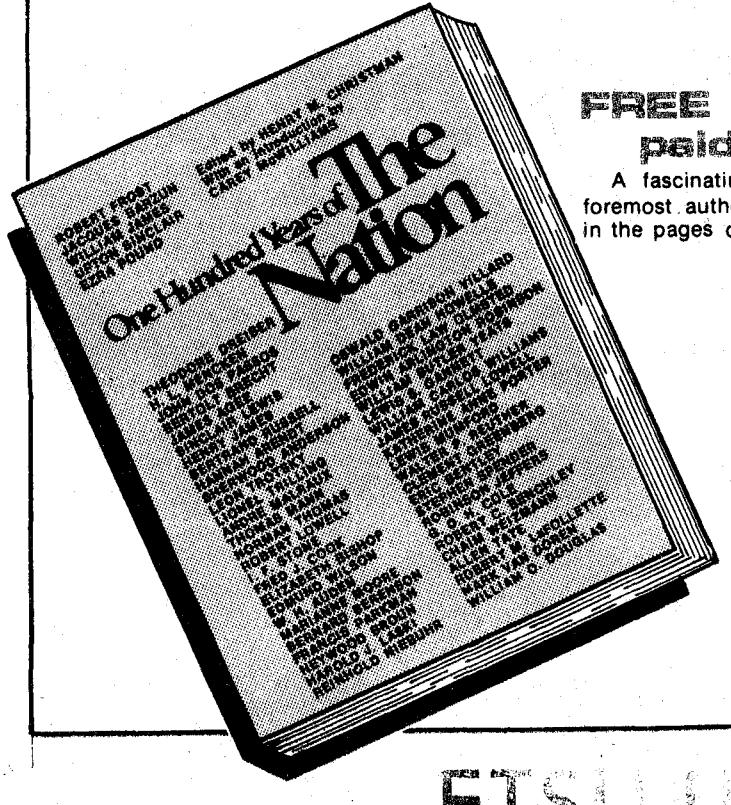

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